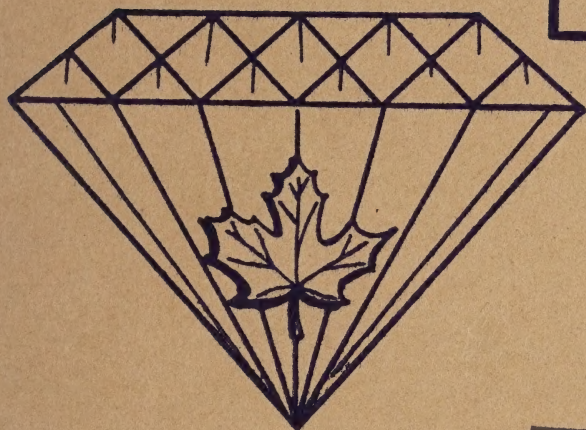
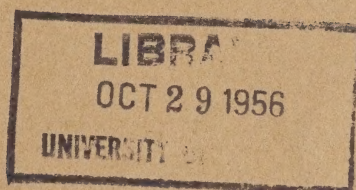


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- ☞ *To What End?*
- ☞ *Who Sez, Suez?*
- ☞ *Sports In The Bay*
- ☞ *Editorial*

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THE DIAMOND

Collin's Bay, Ontario, Canada.
(Mailing Address: Box 190, Kingston,
Ontario, Canada)

FOUNDED A.D. MCMLI

MOTTO: PRISONERS ARE PEOPLE.

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— POLICY —

Contributions published herein under a man's name, pseudonym, or other identifying allusion, are accepted in good faith as products of his own thought and initiative.

Barring inadvertencies, a quoted or paraphrased article or poem is ascribed to its writer or source.

The publication of an individual's ideas on penal reform and controversial or policy matters is not intended to be inferred by the reader as being tantamount to endorsement by the DIAMOND Editorial Staff or by Officials of the Department of Justice. The Editorial Staff of the DIAMOND take the democratic stand that every man's constructive ideas command respect and consideration, whether or not those opinions are popular.

Without official interference, the DIAMOND is written, edited, and managed by the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary, with the permission of Major-General Ralph B. Gibson, C.B., C.B.E., V.D., Q.C., LL.D., Commissioner of Penitentiaries, and with the sanction of Colonel Victor S.J. Richmond, the Penitentiary Warden.

Uncredited items have been composed by the Editor. Except for quotations, all material in this magazine is written exclusively by prisoners.

— PLATFORM —

1. To inspire and cultivate moral and intellectual improvement amongst the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary.

2. To aid in overcoming the arbitrary bias which is one of the numerous "bars sinister" to a wayward man's redemption.

3. To discuss progressive and revolutionary penological data, without recourse to partiality, favour or affection.

4. To evince Stoicism and humour, to the end that light shall obtain even in darkness.

5. To elicit the support of Society in welcoming the return of a man from prison who needs help and who is genuinely desirous of seeking his reformation in the highly competitive life of the free world.

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COLLIN'S BAY DIAMOND - OCT. -

WORDS OF WISDOM

The skilful and unremitting use of propaganda can persuade the majority of people that Heaven is Hell or, conversely, that the most miserable existence is paradise.

.... A Philosopher

ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL

(Roman Catholic)

Reverend Felix M. Devine, S.J.

Confessions followed by Holy Communion on Sundays, commencing at 7:30 a.m. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at 9:00 a.m. on Sundays.

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL

(Protestant)

Reverend Canon Minto Swan,
M.A., B.D., E.D.

Divine service each Sunday, commencing at 8:15 a.m. Voluntary service once every two months.

MUSIC

Mr. Harry Birchall directs the choir and provides accompaniment on the electric organ in both churches.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS

Major William Mercer of the Salvation Army conducts weekly bible classes in the Protestant Chapel and officiates periodically at the Protestant Church Services. Rabbi Pimontel arranges spiritual and moral guidance for men of the Jewish faith.

WORDS OF WISDOM

Believe in your own nation, religion, family and personalities, but do not try to force them down the other fellow's throat. He is entitled to keep his own opinions.

.... A Philosopher

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Editorial

Where Is The P.N.R.

(P.N.R. — Point of No Return)

MANY titles a man may have bestowed on him through life are carried with pride, and there are many he could well do without. For instance, once a person has had a serious illness and gone through the convalescence stage, and fully recovered, he is no longer referred to as the pneumonia sufferer. Nor do you bring your next-door neighbour to mind by saying "the ex-toothache-haver in the next house." Or do you?

Not so many years ago the divorcee was spoken of in not very polite terms. And many families, on hearing of a divorce in another family, would raise their eyebrows and scream "there has never been a divorce in our family." However, times have changed and with the growing divorce rate, the incidence of divorce has taken the novelty off the title. Nowadays a man and his wife who feel they are not well suited do not hesitate to go through the courts and gain a divorce, the possibility of gossip never enters the picture. This perhaps has eased off with the even-present danger that it may happen to me some day, so I had better not stick my chin out.

However, there are isolated cases of smug people who foolishly convince themselves they are safe from danger of a divorce, and to feel superior to someone who has had a divorce, will say: "After all, he (or she) has been divorced." This, in their small minds, places them a shade above and far superior to the divorced person.

Along this same line there are people who take delight in calling newcomers to Canada "D.P.s' Hunkeys, Dagoes,, Limeys" and many other nasty nicknames. Their intention is to make second-class citizens out of these people, to elevate themselves they attempt to lower other people, to belittle them.

This practice of hanging a derogatory nom de plume on people is constantly practised by

citizens of low mentality. This is their way of feeling superior to others. In the case of people who possess superior intelligence and a higher type of education, the inferior folk who do the name-calling resort to other tactics — they mock the superior person's income. They make crude jokes about white-collar workers, or attempt to mimic the accents of the better-placed folk. All this from the poor inferior type who must by some device or means make himself feel superior to others, and he doesn't care who he hurts or damages in his pursuit to ridicule others and make himself appear better in the eyes of people of his own ilk.

These are the people who earn \$50.00 per week, and on spending an evening (which they can ill afford) in a better-than average night club, make it a point to criticize the service, the waiter (who, incidentally, calls it a poor week if he makes less than \$125.00) and end up in an argument with the Maitre d'Hotel and has already called waiters and everyone else connected with the place servants, lackies and any other nasty names they can think of. Just to prove to the people they are with that they are a step above the average man on the street. Yes!

At this point we come to our objective, the reason for the build-up. When a man finishes a term of imprisonment in a penitentiary and returns to the normal life on the outside, how long must he travel the straight and narrow, honest, hardworking path to regain his lost status? The point he left in life when he was sentenced? Is it one year, two, three, five or even ten? Does he EVER regain it? To say he never regains his past status as an honest citizen is equivalent to stating that when a man successfully pays off a loan or a mortgage he is still in debt for the original amount he started out to pay off. Or is there a time limit that exists for the ex debtor after he is

free of the note or mortgage?

And so it is with the citizen who has left his number behind him in a penitentiary: he has completed his sentence, he has taken his place as a citizen again. And during his term of incarceration he has been termed an inmate but, suddenly, he is confronted by the moronic type of citizen who feels inferior to others and is called an ex-convict!

Or, say, the released inmate has held down an ordinary job for two years and on being elevated to a better position, the investigation of his background turns up the fact that he has served time in a penitentiary. The head of the company, of course, says "we cannot give this job to an ex-convict." What happens to the investment of two years the employee has put into the ordinary job, how long must this ex-offender tread the honest path to have his past record erased?

With all the talk of penal reform and the advances being made in penology, rehabilitation being stressed, and vocational training taking such a real place in penitentiaries, it is high time that some provision was made to protect the released ex-inmate from suffering from the term ex-convict. To put into effect some form of legislation to outlaw the use of a man's record would be beneficial and in line with the attempts of penologists to reform their charges. For if a man may never live down his past there is very little use in attempting to change his attitude and way of

life. If this state of affairs continues to exist, the efforts of all who are dealing with inmates will amount to the same thing as teaching someone with a deadly communicable and contagious disease to be an operating-room technician. It all sums up to the same thing.

This practice of dredging up a man's record is a real obstacle to the ex-offender regaining his place in the community's structure. Granted it — the record — is a big help to a Crown Counsel if a man runs afoul of the law, but would not the same sentence be arrived at if the record was not allowed to be used? Or is the ex-offender sentenced on his past record and not the evidence and clues of the case he is being tried for? And the man who never intends to return to crime, he must be protected, he, if his talents permit him to rise in the business world, the past record must never be permitted to stand in his way. No more then the man who has suffered from a social disease should be barred from leading a normal life.

We are presently serving a sentence for breaking the law, and we know how the time is spent during a sentence. A judge felt that sentencing us to a penitentiary was the correct cure for our transgression. He gave each and every one of us a definite term, one thing that came automatically was the indefinite that we must serve on the outside under the name of ex-convict.

* * * * *



The training of children is a profession, where we must know how to lose time in order to gain it.
—Rousseau.

Rehabilitation is probably the most overworked and least understood phrase in penal terminology.
—Edward R. Goworecki.

The wonderful thing about May is that you can call your laziness spring fever and get away with it.

We know how to speak many things which are false as if they were true, and we know, when we choose, how to wrap up truth in fable.
—Hesiod.

I don't know why, but it makes a whale of a difference whether you call a man level-headed or flat-head.

Nero did not fiddle while Rome burned. Fiddles were unknown in those days. And incidentally Nero's full name was Nero Claudius Ceasar Drusus Germanicus.

A modern mother is one who can hold safety pins and a cigarette in her mouth at the same time.

There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and make his soul enjoy good in his labour.

WHO SEZ, SUEZ?

by Keith Munro

DURING the month of August, the Suez Canal dispute over Egyptian control has served to draw the Arab nations closer together than the threatened Israeli war with Egypt. Many inmates discussing world affairs and events have concluded that the dispute is over nationalization of the waterway, which is not correct. The socialistic aspect of the canal's fate has not aroused the concern that is now being given it, but rather it is who shall control the canal?

Governing of the Suez for the past eighty seven years has been the responsibility of the United Kingdom, and the original contract was for a ninety nine year lease. But the progressions of civilization, or rather, the speed of civilization's progress was either not considered when the pact was made, or the time element involved was miscalculated. Of course it would have been difficult to foresee the drastic advances that would be made in less than a century at the time of the Suez Agreement.

The terms of the Suez lease called for passage rights to all nations in peace and war. Although this part of the agreement was not honoured by England during World War I and II, it would have been tantamount to supplying the executioner with the rope had the Allies abided by such a promise. For in times of a national emergency, pacts and agreements with your enemies become void.

The threats that have been lobbed at Egypt by Britain and France upon the Arab's notice of nationalization have subsided. Compromise and appeasement is the "Swan Song" at the moment due to internal pressures and public reaction to a possible war. The two once-dominating western European nations have displayed less tact in the field of foreign affairs than their history credits. Some method of honourable retreat must be found before the 'Lion' stops to lick his wounds. Egypt's intent toward peaceful settlement will be displayed by her efforts in attempting to find an acceptable road of retreat for England and France to treat.

Russia has shown seemingly genuine con-

cern over the Suez dispute and can, to all intents and purposes, be partially blamed for the present Middle East situation. Through sales of Communist arms to Egypt when that country had a very aggressive policy towards Israel, she has permitted Nasser to establish a fairly impressive military organization and thus become a potential threat to the backward nations of North Africa if they fail to toe the new Egyptian line. The playing of the Western Bloc against Communist empires has paid dividends much more quickly than was anticipated, and Nasser has found himself moving at a pace that is alien. The proposed London Conference on the canal, and control of it, should give him time to stop and regroup.

Iraq has supported Egyptian nationalization of the Suez as have all other Arab countries. This is only natural. Regardless of her membership in the Baghdad Pact, she must consider her position and vulnerability in respect to her Arab neighbours. The cost of opposing the remainder of the Arab Bloc would result, eventually, in economic and physical pressures that would result in internal collapse of Persia and sever the Middle East oil source from the western grasp. Concern then, over Iraqi support to the Nasser regime should not be considered with alarm.

It is only natural that the Communists should support the nationalization of the canal, and the following reasons could be considered contributing factors:

(a) Nationalization is a socialistic practice and opposition to such a move would be contrary to Communist beliefs and doctrine.

(b) The Communists have an eighty million dollar military investment in Egypt, and support of her external policy is the only means of protecting this commitment.

(c) Egyptian control of the Suez gives the Communists a foothold in the flow of marine transportation between east and west, thus dominating the lifeline of several western European nations in respect to their Dominions beyond the seas.

(d) In the event of a third world war between the Western Bloc and communism, neutralization of the Suez would provide our enemies with a lifeline to Asia from eastern European ports and place us in a vulnerable position when considering our military positions.

(e) While the West is kept busy in the Middle East, it serves as a distraction to the probing eyes of the Allies, thus giving the Communists an opportunity to make major, unseen, political moves that ordinarily would be observed and interpreted much more quickly by professional political experts.

The Egyptian move serves a dual purpose to the remainder of the Arab Bloc. If the canal dispute is settled amicably in Nasser's favour, it will solidify the new arab union and cause demands for the withdrawal of foreign domination of internal enterprises. Such action, though, could well serve to discourage further investment by foreigners in backward nations. But the will of self-determination is proving to be stronger, in this present age, throughout unde-privileged countries.

The recent Arab success have given the poverty-stricken Middle East a taste of political victory with a major world power for the first time in several generations. This tends to serve as oxygen for a partially-smothered ember, and will eventually lead to the ousting of France in Morocco and Algeria. Also, Egyptian military power has been enlarged beyond estimative proportions — impressing other Arab nations in the manner of a big brother who has just received his first pair of long pants — idolized by his younger brothers.

Another factor that determines Arab acquiescence to Egyptian policy is the military potentiality of Egypt. This serves as a threat to neighbouring countries. Nasser has become the dominating dictator of Middle East foreign policy — bringing the military control of other Arab states under a united Egyptian dictatorship and influence.

The Middle East is most easily antagonized by threats. Of course, this attitude pre-

vails throughout world politics and presents intolerable situations. Bullying by major powers only serves to lower their prestige and adds to opposition of the dominating country's culture and character.

The Western powers are now going to pay heavily for their indifference to North Africa over the past decades. Exploitation of the East's backward countries by foreign interests whose countries depend on this source of revenue has been abruptly halted, thus incurring heavy losses to their economy. They cannot be expected to accept such setbacks without an external political fight. Otherwise, a great change in their internal political positions will develop which could be disastrous to the west.

In the opinion of many, the creation of the State of Israel was a move of questionable virtue and smacked of appeasement — and be as prevalent in the North American hemisphere the very word, to many, invokes nauseous memories. Anti-Semitism is a centuries old fixation, and although it is not considered to isphere or the British Empire, the Europeans, and countries of the Middle East, lay aside their petty differences and present a united front in their hatred of Jewry, and what they consider to be its insidious encroachment and encirclement.

Israel serves as a Western-supplied abrasive to Egypt. The cloak of David has shrouded the shrine of Mohammed while the saturnine leer of the Bear — the smoke distended nostrils of the Dragon, and the rapier-like talons of the international money grubber, move these pawns on the chessboard of international intrigue.

War is simply politics continued forcibly when peaceful discussions break down. We cite the power play in Nazi Germany from 1924 to 1939 when men's souls and ideologies went for naught in the maelstrom of malefaction.

The age old question of, "When will all this end?" can only be answered with, "Never!" But regardless of the outcome, the long sleeping Sphinx, now awakened, will continue to make the 'Lion' roar.

It is our individual performance, no matter how humble our place in life may be, that will in the long run determine how well ordered the world may become.

—Packer.

To judge a man at least you must penetrate the secret of his thoughts, his emotions; to want to know of his life only the material events, is to make a chronology of the history of fools.

—Honore de Balzac

RADIO RAMBLINGS

by RICKY WINDSOR

MY star for the month is the well known Kay Starr of radio and screen. The young lady with the smooth voice that can put you in the mood or make your feet tap to the Rock'n Roll music that is now in demand.

Miss Starr was born on July 21st, 1922 in a little town called Dougherty, in the State of Oklahoma. She was the daughter of Irish and Cherokee parents, who I might add, were just able to struggle along with the bare necessities that are necessary to live on in this present day and age. At the tender age of sixteen, Kay started singing in Dallas, and another city known as Memphis. Her first professional step was in a radio station called WREC in Memphis, Tennessee. Miss Starr was still attending school while she held this job. It was at this job in the radio station where she got her first real break. Two gentlemen by the names of Joe Venuti and Bob Crosby heard her singing one evening, and asked her if she would like to join their newly formed Jazz band. After consenting to do so, they started on a tour that was to last for two years. On this engagement, she picked up a little spending money and a great deal of experience of appearing before an audience. After breaking with these two men, Kay Starr then joined with Charlie Barnett and his orchestra. Charlie Darnett was, of course, one of the best leaders of bands in that day and age. Miss Starr picked up a lot of help from this man, and after touring the country for two whole years, she finally decided to branch out on her own. In doing so, she was offered contracts at such places as the El Rancho Vegas, The Mocambo and Ciro's—filling each one with so much success she was offered a contract with a recording company known as Capital records and signed a contract with them for five years.

Numbers such as, "Mama Goes Where Papa Goes," "Evening," and countless others too numerous to mention are still popular although they were made a long time ago. The records she has made in the past have all been the hit parade, and most of them have seen action at one time or another on Juke Boxes across the continent.

It took a great deal of time and study to get to the top of the list, but this young lady has certainly fought hard and deserves all the credit in the world. In working for her goal she gained in popularity and fame, and left her mark on the music world. One, that for my money will never be forgotten.

Now, approaching late years in her life, Miss Starr has a daughter called, Cathy. Whether or not this young lady will follow in her mother's footsteps, we know not, but it is a thing to look forward to. If she has the talent her mother possesses, then she could be nothing but a success. It has been a privilege to write of this star and the wonderful asset she has been to the music world. So, I say, "A special salute to my star for the month, Miss Kay Starr."

Another article I can no longer let go on without special mention is Radio Station CK-WS in Kingston, Ontario. This station and its staff brought us complete coverage of the Jim Edmunds swim as well as the swim of the Straits of Juan De Fuca made recently by Canada's Marilyn Bell. Always up to date with the latest from the world of sports and other entertainment that is enjoyed by many, this Station has brought us many valuable hours of thrills and chills from the variety of shows it presents throughout the year, and performs a great public service in bringing events to we shut-ins.

Recently heard on radio was a program titled, "Here Is The Sound Of The Hound." This is a program of the weirdest music I have ever listened to. Starting off with a cry by some hound, it breaks out with violent sounds of which I have heard no equal. If you dig this sort of music, all right, but please let the men in the next bed get a little sleep as the night is short and the day long. Without further torture to my readers of this cruel writing, I want to say, "I will pick a star each month and try to give you as much of his or her story as I can. Next month, I will feature the story of the splendid splinter, Mr. Frank Sinatra. Hope to see you then."

Letter To A Prison



by Arnold Edinborough

It is a very dangerous thing to go against the mob. If you shout 'up' when they shout 'down' you take your life into your hands.

When you commit a crime against society you go against the mob, for society, though better ordered and more reasonable, is still basically the mob.

For the man who commits a crime society has little mercy, just as the criminal often shows no mercy to society. Society, realising that the wrong-doer has rejected it, goes about very swiftly itself to reject the criminal.

Fortunately the law courts are not the organs of mob rule. Sober tradition has fixed and limited the punishments which may be inflicted. Only for a certain fixed time may a man be denied his normal right to circulate amongst his fellowmen. But once the anti-social person is put away, society likes to forget him.

Other people in this society, however, realise that putting away is something only temporary. You cannot shut a man up for ever for being anti-social at one particular moment of his life. It is the aim of these few people to see that the time spent in prison is put to good use.

First, they would like to see the one anti-social act confined to just that once. It is necessary therefore to persuade the man that, if he will make a second try at being social, society will give him the chance he needs. Second, if the prisoner is, on release, to become a productive member of society, they realise that he must learn a job which will make him capable of producing. With a new attitude,

and a worthwhile skill, he can step out of prison and, putting the whole prison episode down to experience, make a fresh start.

The few people in society who believe in this method of treating the once anti-social being, have a tough row to hoe. They have first to penetrate the bitterness of the prisoner, and then the inertia of traditional penal procedures. They further have to persuade society that this is the only sensible way of dealing with the problem. And then they must persuade employers that the newly made man is worthy of his hire.

To help them in their task they need courage and patience. They also need evidence that what they believe does work. So far the results have been encouraging. We feel that we who are interested in penal reform can begin to see the matter a little more clearly. But only the people inside now who will soon be going straight on the outside can make us sure. In other words it's up to you.

(Mr. Arnold Edinborough is the noted Canadian newspaperman, educator and editor of the Whig-Standard. Prior to accepting his present position he was English professor at Queen's University. Mr. Edinborough's interests are many and varied and he has a deep and understanding knowledge of penology. He has visited and spoken to the inmate body of this institution on the English Language and Journalism and it is with a sense of privilege and pride we present the foregoing article which he has so kindly contributed.)

Justice By Fact, Not Feeling

THE courtroom was crowded, the mass of humanity pushed, pulled and peered over each others shoulders. The attendants were hard put to keep the milling crowd behind the tightly stretched rope. Everyone — of all ages and rank — had made it a point to attend this unique and unusual trial.

The interest was created by a "first" — this was the first time the 'Machine' was to be used. And there the 'Machine' stood, a mass of steel, electronic tubes, wires and gears: the brain-child of the finest and first scientific minds in the country. The Clerk of the Court had already warmed up the 'Machine' with two or three dry runs. These dry runs were made on already tested cases and sentences, cases that had been run through the 'Machine' many times and in various disguises. But being a mechanical contraption, the answers were always correct, always standard, and always the same — always untouched by human ills or weaknesses.

A hush fell as the flag was carried into the courtroom: this procedure was the routine now as there was no judge or magistrate in the Hall of Justice — the flag was proxy for the Crown. The Court Clerk called the court to order and the trial commenced: the accused was brought in.

The charge was read by the Clerk of the Court. The accused was asked to plead either guilty or not guilty: he answered "not guilty." The Crown Counsel then gave his viewpoint. The accused's lawyer made an impassioned plea.

While all this drama was going on, three clerks were working away diligently at three unusual appearing machines. These machines had the appearance of typewriters: however, they were longer and instead of using standard type they punched holes in cards that were fed to them from a carton made much like a cartridge clip.

As each person was addressing the court, the machines operated by the three clerks were busily recording their conversations. Row after row of dots appeared on the cards fed into the type-machines and as they left the typing machines they were carefully stacked to one side.

After some time and each of the interested parties had voiced their opinions, there was a lull. The defence attorney, along with the

Crown Attorney, walked over to the tables occupied by the three clerks and watched while the punched cards were sorted out in their numerical order. The crowd tensed and the tension leaped from person to person, almost electrically. This was the long-awaited moment. A decision was to be handed down mechanically, a decision untouched by human failings — no indigestion, no headaches, no family quarrels, no hang-overs, none of the human frailties. This verdict would be absolutely neutral, no human erring.

The senior clerk now walked over to the huge 'Machine' and fed the cards, the ones carrying the whole trial in a series of dots and dashes, into the receiving end of the apparatus. A low hum came from the inside of the huge neutral-coloured giant. The 'Machine' was being used.

The low hum and whine ceased, a small slip of white paper appeared at the far end of the 'Machine', the small rustle it made when it dropped into the receiving tray was audible in every corner of the large courtroom. The crowd were actually still, and holding their breath. The 'Machine' had delivered and the senior clerk took the slip of paper from the receiving tray and walked to a dais on one side of the room and spoke into a microphone:

"The 'Machine', after having the facts of this case presented to it from the specially designed machines made to work in coordination with it, has sorted the said facts and circumstances and finds the accused Not Guilty."

The Crown Attorney jumped to his feet and exclaimed: "What type of miscarriage of justice is this?" He rushed over to the 'Machine' and practically screamed: "I shall appeal this miserable comedy of the machine age."

The accused stepped down from the prisoner's box and quietly left the courtroom. The Crown continued to rant and rave — he paced up and down the courtroom for some length of time. The court clerks picked up their papers, brief cases and other paraphernalia, and prepared to leave the court for the day. The senior clerk reached over and pulled the main switch on the 'Machine' and adjusted the protective canvas dust cover over it for the night. From beneath the cover came a faint sound — it could have been a sigh or a chuckle.



Charles Downs, Editor,
Diamond, Box 190, Kingston

Dear Sir:

Enclosed my cheque for \$2.00 subscription for Diamond which, I fear, is overdue. I read your magazine with much interest, and with good wishes for your success.

Yours sincerely,
Donalda Dickie,
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Miss Dickie:

May we thank you most kindly for your subscription renewal and your very encouraging letter. As you are probably aware, you are one of our most distant subscribers and the very fact that our message reaches you over these several thousands of miles leads us to believe that we may be accomplishing some small part of the job we are trying to do. We sincerely hope our future issues will continue to merit your interest and confidence in us.

The Editor

** ** *

Dear Sir:

Would you kindly accept my subscription to the Diamond magazine. Enclosed please find my payment in cash. Thank you.

Russell Grant,
Toronto, Ontario

Dear Sir:

Many thanks indeed for your subscription and we shall try to interest and please you with our forthcoming issues. As a new subscriber, we are particularly interested in hearing any comment or criticism you may care to offer. Only by analysing such correspondence can we be sure that we are on the right track. Once again, thank you very much.

The Editor

** ** *

The Diamond, Box 190,
Kingston, Ontario.

Enclosed is one dollar which I understand is the subscription fee to your paper. I heard about it on the CBC radio program Audio recently.

Robert W.G. Murray,
Toronto 8, Ontario.

Dear Mr. Murray:

Your letter and enclosure have been received, for which we thank you most sincerely. We are particularly interested in your reference to having heard about us through a program, 'Audio', recently heard by you on the CBC. We are very frank in stating that we do not know the nature of this program, and should be most grateful if you could take the time to drop us a line, giving us some indication of the manner in which we were referred. We have heard from two or three other correspondents that we were mentioned on the air and you can appreciate that we would like to have some idea as to the nature of this mention. In closing, again our sincere thanks, and we shall look forward to hearing from you at your convenience.

The Editor

* * * * *

The C.B. Diamond,
P.O. Box 190,
Kingston, Ontario.
Gentlemen:

Thank you very much for the copies of the C.B. Diamond which were directed to me, as secretary of the Boys' Clubs of Canada. A money order for two fifty is enclosed and I would appreciate it if you would add my name to your mailing list.

Sincerely yours,
Ed J. Mitchell,
Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Mr. Mitchell:

We wish to thank you very much indeed for your three-year subscription to our magazine, and sincerely hope that you will continue to find it of interest. Because of your capacity as secretary of the Boys' Clubs of Canada, we believe some of our articles will be particularly timely and feel quite sure that you will have enjoyed reading our September issue. The name appearing on your notepaper fills certain of our fellow men with nostalgic memories but alas, advantage cannot be taken of your service until some happier future. In closing, many thanks, and let us hear from you.

The Staff

** ** *

The Editor, Box 190,
Kingston, Ontario.

Dear Sir:

It would be greatly appreciated if you would send me a copy of your paper "C.B. Diamond."

Sincerely yours,
Fred G. Helle,
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sir:

Many thanks for your request, and we have forwarded you a copy of our August issue. September shall be off the press shortly, and we hope we may have the pleasure of having your name on our subscribers list by then. We have several American subscribers already but our ambition is to have EVERY registered voter in your great country a subscriber! So far we have been outstripped by your birth-rate. Seriously, though, we would appreciate any comment you may have to offer when you have read and digested our publication.

The Staff

P.S. Hope you don't think we are being impatient but your asking for a copy of our magazine is poetic justice, or at least custom in reverse. This is the first time we have been ASKED to send a copy to Helle!!

** ** *

Dear Sir:

Enclosed is \$1.00 to cover a subscription for one year to Mr. Hugh Watts, Boston, Mass. Thank you.

Sincerely,
(Miss) Linton Carter,
Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Miss Carter:

Thank you very much for your kind letter and subscription, and we are always particularly gratified to have an American address added to our mailing list. We hope the recipient of your request enjoys our efforts and we shall be most pleased to have any comment you, or he, may care to offer.

The Editor

The C.B. Diamond, P.O. Box 190,
Kingston, Ontario.

Dear Sirs:

** ** *

Enclosed herewith find cheque value \$5.15 for which please send copies of your monthly publication for three years — one to me and one to Mr. John T. Callaghan, New York City.

Yours very truly,
Joseph A. Mahon,
Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Mr. Mahon:

Thank you very much indeed for your two subscriptions and you shall be receiving our September issue within the space of a week or ten days. We sincerely hope you will find our efforts of interest and merit, and any comment or criticism you may care to offer from time to time will be most appreciated.

The Staff

** ** *

The Editor, C.B. Diamond,
Kingston, Ontario.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I have intended writing you for some four weeks, and at last I am going to take the bull by the horns and ask you a question that has been puzzling me. Some years ago my husband, who was fond of wine, women and song, took out for places unknown. I have not seen him for at least fifteen years. In your July issue you showed a cut of Marty Micks-Dupp 3rd and the Editor. Both look like my husband, but I am sure the one seated with a pipe in his mouth is my Alonzo. Could you let me know how long he has been there?

Sincerely,

(Mrs.) Letitia deFrump Downs

Dear Madam:

Granted the maximum security surrounds most of our population, but I can answer you truthfully that the picture of the man seated is not your Alonzo. He has been here a scant two years and — so he says — is too young to have been wed fifteen years ago. But he, too, has had his ups and Downs.

The Editor.



Editor's

Musings

JUST returned from a tour of our cloistered estate and we are forced to remark that if the building program continues at the pace it is now going a man will soon find a map necessary to navigate about the place. The two new shop units are progressing in a satisfactory manner and should be housing the plumbers, electricians, stonemasons and engineer's office by snowfall. There is also evidence of a new roadway, we just about slipped up and used the term freeway, however the new road will make quite a change and facilitate delivery of material to the various shops.

We have a tropical fish in our editorial office and he answers to the name of Muscles. Well here it comes, each day we remove him from the water and take him for a short walk, each day we increase the distance until at present he can remain out of water for a shade over three hours. By next spring his out of water periods will have reached the eight or nine hour target that we feel will make it possible for Muscles to walk from Toronto to Hamilton. Why any fish would want to go to Hamilton when he is in Toronto mystifies us but we feel that with all the people swimming it will make bigger news for a fish to make a long distance walk. We suppose that an ironic fate will see to it that he stumbles and by falling into a teacup full of water meets his end by drowning.

With all the talk about juvenile delinquency, decadent youth, the useless present generation, etc, etc, we wonder what to make out of it all. Just stop for a moment and consider, our national debt is terrific, there is much to be done in our country in the next fifty years and we will not be here to do it. The present generation are the ones who will accomplish all the things we shall leave for them to do. So does it not seem like a lack of confidence in them if people continue to sound off about their uselessness. Or else we are frightfully careless in our choice of successors.

We wonder what comes over a man in his

last few months, the sentence is just about finished and he anxiously awaits the last day to roll around. To him the time is in, the term of incarceration is over, alas, now all his friends and acquaintances go through a harrowing experience. At every opportunity the man about to be released reminds all and sundry of the fact that he only has one week or three days or whatever the miserable amount left happens to be. And all about what he is going to do when he gets his feet on the bricks again. This is usually told to some chap who has two or three years to go, you, gentle reader can not put yourself in the position to enjoy the happy situation, but it does exist.

This is October and part of this month's burden is Hallowe'en, our activities along the prank line are limited, we are not permitted to roam abroad on this lusty eve. But just in passing if any witch lands behind our wall she is apt to have an extra passenger on her broom for the return trip. Wonder where they purchase these magically propelled whisks, and would it be legal to own one in here?

We have heard a rumour that we owe a big thank you to someone at Radio Station CJBC. From one of their broadcasts we have received a number of subscriptions, these we need and with a few more like these we shall be able to buy a new typewriter ribbon. For as usual the Diamond's funds are at a critical low point.

We read with interest of how 100 inmates of Ohio State Penitentiary have volunteered to allow scientists to experiment on them. Fourteen of these men are now carrying live cancer cells in their bodies, these are inmates of a penitentiary and to us this is a real public service. It shows real concern about their fellowmen's health and the effort should be publicized.

Fuses Fields is on the great outside now so the story can be told. On his routine round of the institution he dropped into the Diamond

office one day and asked if we needed anything from the Electrical shop. We jokingly remarked that the bell on our old typewriter needed a new battery. He left promising to look around for one, well Fuses when you read this please remember the bell is still very weak and we wonder if you can look around Toronto for one for us?

We had an interesting and enlightening talk with a fellow time-server the other day and he made one remark in summing up his chat with us. We had been talking about getting a start on our release, his comment so optimistic that we are going to pass it along. "You have nothing to worry about, a man in

the penitentiary has reached rock bottom and from the bottom there is only one way to go; that is up." Is this or is it not a marvelous outlook?

We wonder how many of our population have noticed the good job little Joe Sullivan is doing in the local tonsorial parlour. We can say this much, when Joe tries there are few in the place who can be as pleasant, keep up the good work Joe and maybe the Editor will let you give him a crew cut. This would make your fortune!

So we leave with this thought, "A man is never undone 'til he be hanged" or as we always say, leave em laughing.



Canada's Justice Minister Garson says, "We stand on the threshold of what may be a remarkable new era in crime control and correction."

Speaking of the Canadian attitude towards prisons and prisoners, he says, "Instead of considering criminals incorrigibly wicked individuals who must be punished as long as their criminalities persists, we must regard them as social misfits who need training and rehabilitation for useful roles in society."

Mr. Garson explains specific penal reforms will be considered in the Canadian Parliament this session. He then hopes to call a federal-provincial conference on the remission of sentences and probation of prisoners.

An editorial writer in the "Vancouver Province" says, "At last we are coming to understand that crime is basically a medical and social problem. And we are beginning to see that jail, jail and more jail does not solve such problems. Our penitentiaries cost a fortune to maintain and the prisoners they house represent a vast economic and human loss.

Now we are beginning to think in terms of rehabilitation and salvage rather than in terms of punishment and waste.

"Our grandchildren will some day be able to look back and remember this turning point."
—The Spectator.

The more you can learn to do without, the lighter you can travel, the happier you are likely to be. Happiness must rest on things of a nonmaterial nature. It is all very well to possess many things if one can enjoy them without fearing that happiness will follow the loss of those things. A few simple comforts, a few choice friends, a mind filled with rich thoughts — what more does one want.
—T. Dreier

Life imprisonment will be abolished in Hungary... Dr. Bela Kovacs, Minister of Justice, has announced. Dr. Kovacs also reportedly announced abolition of capital punishment as soon as "social perquisites" for such action were created and international tension was eased.
—Christian Science Monitor.

No lions are ever caught in house traps. To catch lions you must think in terms of lions, not in terms of mice. Your mind is always creating of one kind or another and what you catch depends on the thinking you do. It is your thinking that attracts to you what you receive.

TO WHAT END?

by Bill Jones

IN a recent editorial by a member of the penal press, the subject of escapes and attempted escapes is discussed by one who has had the experience: this article is compounded of so much common sense that we believe our readers both within and outside the institution will be interested in the views expressed. We are reprinting extracts only from this article inasmuch as the system of sentencing and parole in the United States differs from our own, but the subject matter appertains to both countries. We are taking the liberty of adding our own comments as we proceed.

We quote. "In the Deputy's office there is a little green book. It's a new-looking book, in pretty good condition, but lately it's been getting a lot of usage. The book is used to record all escapes and/or attempted escapes. And it was more than just curiosity that prompted me to scan over the pages of this Escape Ledger. I had a personal interest because my name is in it. . . . I got to thinking that of all the foolish things a man in prison can do, this business of escape is probably the most foolish. Let's take a look at the statistics over to the right and, for the moment at least, put ourselves in their shoes." Unquote.

For the benefit of our Canadian readers, we would point out that sentences in the United States usually are of an indefinite nature, i.e. 1 to 2 years, 1 to 5 years, 2 to 15 years, 5 to 15 years, etc. The purposes behind such a method we are not qualified to discuss but at least a man can look forward to a review of his case at the expiration of the minimum portion and for this reason we believe there is more merit than in the case of a flat definite sentence. A man whose conduct during the minimum portion has been such that any thought of parole at the end of this time is absurd has whom to thank? You know and I know — and he knows: himself!

The statistics referred to by our writer we set forth below, substituting letters for the names he lists.

Inm. Was Serv. Due for parole Add. sentence

A	5 to 15 yrs	Had seen Board	1½ to 4½ yrs
B	1 to 5 yrs	Dec. 1957	1½ to 4½ yrs
C	2 to 15 yrs	Apr. 1957	1½ to 4½ yrs
D	2 to 15 yrs	July 19'7	1½ to 4½ yrs
E	1 to 2 yrs	Dec. 19'7	1½ to 4½ yrs

In the case of A, he had finished the required time on the five-year minimum sentence and was told by the Parole Board that he had a good chance of making parole, after a meeting of the Executive Session: he did make it but was not around to find out because he had walked away from a trusty gang! What went on in this man's mind we do not know, and for this reason we are not in a position to censure him, but the results of his action are (a) he must again appear before the parole board and try to explain why he is a good parole risk (b) he must serve an additional 1½ to 4½ years (c) his family must wait that much longer for the 'good' news they might have expected now. Even had this man succeeded in getting out of the State, it was, in effect quote like signing an I.O.U. with the Corrections Department unquote. This action drove this man farther from his family rather than nearer.

In the case of E, this man would have been free, as the air in December of 1957 but now he has twice as much as when he started.

We continue to quote our writer. "If there is any winning percentage to this escape business I fail to see it. And don't think I haven't given it some thought. Like everyone else, I don't like it here. I don't go for having somebody turn my light off and on, open my door for me, keep me walking in a straight line, and otherwise restricting my movements. But there is nothing short of an earthquake, hurricane or act of God that could induce me to walk away and give myself an added liberal dose of it."

We subscribe to those sentiments one hundred percent: incidentally, the writer of those words has 14-flat years of prison time behind him. We would say he knows a little bit about

what he is saying. The actions of many of us before running afoul of the law are indeed baffling, even to ourselves, and must appear yet more so to those who by morality, luck or management have not had such an indelicate pleasure; but from the first minute of incarceration we can see the amount of debt we must retire and every day served is something paid off. By attempting to escape we are actually borrowing on the future to pay off the present and the interest soon exceeds the principle. Before a man's original apprehension he is a mystery and a reputation only, but once caught, then sought, he is a name, number, picture, finger-print and all-round walking bulls-eye, so why try it? To what end?

For what it is worth, we quote a very shrewd statement by an oft-time offender: "if you can't do time get out of crime." To try to break out and stay out of any penal institution is like trying to win in a game where the dice are loaded — you may win the gamble once but you won't gambol long.

To go back to the writer of the article which prompts this one, we again quote some very, very potent words. "There are many other factors which enter into this matter. Recently there has been a lot of rumors circulating which says that the dormitory will soon be sporting a nice high fence, complete with night searchlights and additional custodial force. To guys like me, guys who have watched the prison system improve over the past ten, twelve, fifteen years, these rumors have a very dampening effect. There is a long-range plan evolving which will benefit no one but the inmate. However, it won't take too much irresponsible thinking on the part of a few escape-minded individuals to put a kink in the plan and set it back ten years."

Whether the aforementioned plan applies to this country or not we do not care to prophesy, but at least we know that anything in the nature of planned improvements will not be augmented if some few thoughtless people bring us all into the limelight of unfavourable publicity. Let us gripe and grumble if we will but keep it among ourselves. There's little charity in one man burning us all because he jumps from the frying pan into the fire. We've a long, long way to go in criminology and penology in this country, but we've come a long way too.

Conversely, no man knows what prompts another to do any one thing at any one time. Something that to one man may appear trifling is a stark tragedy to another, and God only knows that one may carry with ease a burden that crushes another, so we caution rather than condemn. If we had looked ahead we would not be where we are, but the man who attempts an escape, for any reason whatsoever, has everything to lose and absolutely nothing to gain, and has learned no lesson from his first misfortune. No matter how original, or foolproof, or daring, or plausible your plan may seem to you, somebody else has thought of it — and probably tried it — before. Stop and think, before you take out — of the man who takes your place: you are not being high-minded or altruistic or 'soft' — you are actually being very, very selfish because it will probably be YOU.'

No, the man who tries to escape is listening to a sentence being pronounced which is much worse than the original one he received, and the irony of the thing is that he is now sentencing himself. Too frequently we can ascribe this desire to escape to the unreality of the dislocation that has been effected by removal of the man from free society to prison life and the result is a speculative spree. During this mental intoxication the most improbable plans become feasible and workable and the man's every thought is toward the one end: under these circumstances we find the 'go-boy' whose time has just started. The man who escapes or attempts to escape toward the finish of his term we cannot hope to analyse, but it is possible that he has become so used to his regimented life that he has developed a distorted fear of being returned to what was once a normal life and he has invested it with or imparted to it proportions of abnormality: his very timidity of re-entering society by legal channels therefore forces him to attempt it by illegal.

We close with a question to any and all who have thought of this way out. Why do you waste time and thought on something that is so overwhelmingly impossible of successful culmination? It has been tried for years and always found wanting: it will be tried for many more years and still be found wanting. The minute you break out you have started to run and you will never, never be able to stop. Why start? To what end?

When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you, till it seems as though you could not hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and time that the tide will turn.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe

Poetry in Prison

HALLOWE'EN

The gargoyles frolicked on this night
To give each child eerie delight,
While cops were quaking in their shoes,
Waiting the yearly destructive news.
The broken fences, the shattered light,
Marking the labours of some sprite.
While in the country, on the mews,
Farmers pouted with the blues
Thinking of their fated lands,
Victimed to Sicilian hands.
And, in the heavens overhead,
Witch-ridden brooms gaily sped
To every corner of the land,
Waving magic with gnarled hand.
Yet I am safe wherein I dwell,
Protected by my prison cell.

Keith Munro

INDIAN SUMMER

Great golden globes to gather
From earth's soft loamy bed,
The pumpkins dot the baring fields
From which they drank and fed.
The russets hang like tawny balls,
The hawthorne hedges glowing,
A cool, sweet fragrance fills the air
From distant clover mowing.

A flock of geese, a speck on high,
To southern clime is winging,
A hymn of praise for nature's gift
Of plenty, men are singing.
'Tis Autumn's glory we behold,
Its magic cloak surrounds us,
To touch, to smell, to eat, to drink,
With all His goods God crowns us.

LeVallee

AUTUMN

Comes autumn now to rest the sun,
The long warm summer has had its run,
The days now shorten — become quite brisk,
Before the wind brown leaves now frisk.

Is fall a period of rest for the year?
With summer past and winter near,
Trees all bare and foliage thinning,
A promise of spring, a new beginning.

Gunner

AGED LAMENT

Oh, to be a lad again, free from all worldly care,
And gaze upon the kingdom that caters a
childish fare,
But to be in innocence and live with canopied
mind,
Let me taste the fruits of life that I've left
behind:
Listening to the laughter of childhood's capered
glee,
Oh, to be so near to God, and have a soul that's
free. Bev

SKETCH OF A HAPPY MAN

He whistled as he shaved a driftwood stick
And built a fire of fallen birch,
Then, whistling still, he crossed a gravel bar
And kneeling by the water cleaned his perch.

He broiled and ate his fish and settled back,
His pipe smoke drifting on a lazy breeze,
He watched a loon fly low across the lake,
And waves run up on the beach by degrees.

His shoulders lost the feel of jostling crowds,
His feet forgot the jar of paving stone,
With one gray feather for a coverlet,
He drowsed a bit, contented and alone.

Philip Hamilton

SNOWY FLEECE

Fall days now slowly take their toll,
De-leafing tree to wet, bare pole,
Soon to ice and creak in winter blow,
And sleep neath blanket of fleecy snow.

The trees thru winter's cold will sleep,
Their spring time promise of bloom to keep,
Gathering strength for renewal of life,
Ignoring winter's winds and strife.

Gunner

OWED ODE

A free-lance writer, you'll agree,
A man in prison cannot be,
But what a boon to one and all,
To have a friend on whom to call,
We've found that man in Fourth Estate,
Whose "Along King Street" is really great,
He's proved himself a solid rock,
His column's by-lined, "Ralph Hancox."
Barred Bard.

QUALITY QUOTES

from PENITENT PENS

PATHFINDER, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan: There are probably numerous ways in which the minds of inmates could be spontaneously opened towards **Rehabilitation**. Many of these, it is realized, have their time-delaying bottle-necks, for various reasons. But one of these important "keys" is within easy reach of every penal administrator in this country. This valuable "master-key" is good old **Responsibility**. We all know that there certainly is plenty of this to be found, in, or out, of prison.

** ** *

MAINLINE CHATTER, Kansas State Prison: The only way we can print a publication which will be interesting to the entire inmate population is to print **WHAT YOU WANT**. So your ability is limited. **WE'RE** in the same boat. We're all amateurs. But, we somehow managed to get enough material to scribble out the initial issue. Not all departments are represented. We selected those areas in which we felt the inmate had the most questions, which we hope have been answered.

** ** *

THE CLOCK, State of Idaho: Quite a few inmates, from all parts of the institution except the women's ward, are taking part in an experiment which is raising not a few blisters. The experiment has to do with the effect of the sun on the skin in relation to skin cancer and a new drug, the name of which I can't even spell.

According to those in charge, the experiment is exactly that, an experiment, and has not developed far enough to warrant any definite statements as to results. Contrary to popular local belief, it is not being made to regulate the amount of suntan acquired by means of pills, though it might eventually do just that.

There are two groups of inmates involved,

though none of the men knows to which group he belongs. All of them receive equal doses of sunshine and all of them receive identical pills—the catch being is that the pills are identical in size and shape only; some of them are the above-mentioned drug and some of them are decoys with no medicinal value whatsoever. It is by means of this control group that the effective value of the new drug will be determined.

** ** *

BORDER SENTINEL, La Tuna, Texas: During the last few months I have many times asked myself the questions, "Have I changed? Has my mind finally accepted the idea of rehabilitation?" Truthfully, I do not know. I sincerely hope that there has been a transformation of ideas from bitterness to cheerful prospects. The uncertain months ahead will decide the future. On the wrong side of the ledger are the indisputable facts that I have a tendency to be short-tempered and stubborn, sometimes disgustingly bitter; on the right side of the ledger is the knowledge that I have sense enough to realize that my life has been a wasted failure, a passage of the time in which commendable deeds have been sorrowfully lacking.

** ** *

VIEWPOINT, Lompoc, California: Through these editorials, I have pointed out to the reader that one, and I think the most important, way to prepare himself to cope with life's complexities is to educate himself to the fullest extent possible. It seems logical that if a man has developed his mind through education he will be more able to understand and evaluate his actions and, by so doing, he will be more apt to guide his actions so they will be a benefit to him rather than a detriment.

** ** *

THE NEW ERA, Leavenworth, Kansas: Law is ever changing. There were 200 capital offenses in the New England Colonies. Now the only capital crimes left are murder, rape, treason, and kidnapping. In the modern code, a person who reports a real or fancied violation may remain anonymous, but the ancient Code of Hammurabi, instituted by Mammurabi, King of Babylon about 2000 B.C., did not conceal or protect his informer. The law covering sorcery deserves special notice because it could have applied to the Massachusetts witch law of colonial days, whereby nineteen "witches" were hanged and one "stoned to death."

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Man is a wonderful fellow, learning from the other animals the way he does. He studies the hawk and vulture and flies through the air with the greatest of ease. He learns from the crab with its shell and the skunk with its tear gas. He considers the ways of the squirrel and becomes a hoarder; the ways of the snake in the grass and goes in for espionage. He observes the caterpillar and the hippopotamus, the shark and the crocodile, the mole and the hedgehog, and makes himself terrible on land and sea and underneath both... About the only creature left in nature for him to learn something useful from is the dove.

—New York Times.

Sports

AT THE BAY



Rick Windsor

MAJOR LEAGUE (August 25)

Saturday afternoon featured the games of the year between the league leading Athletics and the second place Orioles. Whenever these two teams meet, you are bound to see good ball, and although the A's were victorious in both contests, it was a real battle from the start to the finish. In the first game the A's won by a 5-1 score. A pair of errors in the fourth frame allowed them to score three times and thus sew up the ball game. Miles Simpson played another first class game for the victors, handling no less than eleven chances without a flaw. Slim O'Brien made some fine catches in the right field position as did the reliable Al Rodgers who plays the initial sack for the Orioles. Ray Lepine the Oriole hurler was magnificent in defeat and lost only because of the three big errors.

ATHLETICS	0	0	0	3	0	2	0	5	4	2
ORIOLES	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	3	6

THREE STARS:

*Miles Simpson (Hitting and Fielding) *Lepine & Bell (Pitching) *O'Brien (General Play)

The second game of the day proved to be a real thriller right down to the wire with the A's again victorious by the tune of 5-4. This game saw the A's come from behind after allowing the Orioles to score three times in the initial frame on but one hit and four big errors. Never giving up, due to the fact that first place was in jeopardy, the A's fought real hard and their efforts paid off in the sixth inning. With two men out and no one on base, Bert Rochon hit a long drive to deep left center that went all the way for his second homer of the year. Ted Menard followed with a single and Phil McQuade stepped into the batting box. After taking the first pitch for a called strike, Phil tagged the next one and sent it high and deep to left center and thus was all the way to the wall. Pulling ahead in this frame, the Athletics fought with renewed vigor and held the Orioles in check for the rest of the game. I will regret the fact I am no picking stars for this game, but it would be too hard as both clubs played fine ball and never gave up until the last man was out. We are now playing for the banquet and Phil says he can already taste the chicken (?)

ATHLETICS	0	0	2	0	0	3	0	5	6	6
ORIOLES	3	0	0	1	0	0	0	4	8	2

WINNING PITCHER: Gerry Bell

LOSING PITCHER: Ray Lepine

MAJOR LEAGUE (August 26)

On Sunday morning the Minor League All Stars reached for more laurels at the expense of the Yanks of the Major League. This time it was a little different as Lloyd Morgan set them down in order over the first four innings until the rains came and washed out the game. It ended in a 1-1 tie. The run the Minors received was the result of some real true down-to-earth doggedness.

In the afternoon, the Orioles were once again featured in a twin bill, but this time against the Tigers. Emerging with a pair of victories, the Orioles were just playing out the schedule and were not too hard pressed in scoring their wins. Ralph Lundrigan, the Orioles's Manager, pitched the first game as well as the second — needing help only in the second game. It wasn't a matter of who would win, but rather, how much they would win by.

ORIOLES	0	2	1	3	0	0	0	6	10	5
TIGERS	0	2	0	0	1	0	0	3	6	1

THREE STARS:

*Harding (Hitting) *Lundrigan (Pitching) *Major (Fielding)

The second game was a contest of errors and the two teams combined four errors, twenty one hits, and six more errors for a real mixed-up affair.

ORIOLES	0	0	6	0	2	2	0	10	12	6
TIGERS	2	0	2	2	2	0	0	8	9	4

THREE STARS:

*Lundrigan (Hitting) *Lepine (Pitching) *Dorigo (Fielding)

Next week, we were to start the playoffs, but the slump of yours truly has made it necessary to play out the remaining game in an effort to declare the batting champion for this season. However, the playoffs should be under way on our holiday weekend, and we will bring you all the results as to That's it for this weekend. A big hello to Saw-the winners of the awards for the past ball season. buck Lou across the road. A job well done Lou.

PLAYOFFS IN THE MAJORS

The weekend that had Monday tacked on due to Labour Day saw the Major League begin its playoff series. The four teams were ready, and the Tigers and Orioles started the ball rolling on Monday morning. The Orioles, managed by Ralph Lundrigan (the Jockey) were solid favourites to swamp the toothless Tigers. Runs and ties were given with the unfortunate Tigers and according to all statistics, they never had a chance. The cry, "Play Ball!" was heard. The stands were silent. The first pitch was delivered, and Delaney fled to center. The game was under way and the upset of the year was in the making. After a brilliant game which featured great hitting, clutch pitching etal, the Tigers were the victors 12-11. Don McLean lead his charges with a double and triple, drove in five runs, scored two, and played a great game at short. Dorigo, making some fine plays at third base was a standout as was the entire Tiger ball club. This team, which had won but four ball games all year, romped home in grand fashion. Jim McGregor played sound ball behind the plate and kept the Tiger infield busy with a lot of chatter. The stunned Orioles swarmed over to pat the victors on the back. A truly great gesture of sportsmanship. Big Al Rodgers had three hits in six trips and played good ball throughout the nine innings. Ray Lepine, the losing pitcher was a tired little man when it was all over and was the first to congratulate his rival, Colin Crowe, when the game ended.

ORIOLES	1	1	0	3	1	0	5	0	0	11	10	2
TIGERS	1	0	5	0	0	0	2	3	1	12	15	11

THREE STARS:

*McLean & Rodgers (Hitting) *Dorigo (Fielding) *Jim McGregor (General Play)

During Monday afternoon's game, another upset was in the making. The powerful Athletics were strong favourites to defeat the Yankees. Their reputation of a ball club had been proved throughout the ball season. The A's lost but four games during this period. They led the league in batting percentages etc. The Yanks, however, refused to buckle under such pressure and came out victorious in a free swinging, ten inning contest 10-9. Each team had ten hits and combined thirteen errors to make the game one of the best ever to be seen in the Bay. Fine plays by Jake Isenberg, Bill Fero, Phil McQuade and others, made it a great contest. Gerry Bell and Lloyd Morgan held a pitcher's duel that had the spectators in a constant nervous state. When the Yanks were declared the winners, the stands roared their approval to end a perfect day. Good sportsmanship prevailed throughout the game adding that zest which is required for a memorable event.

YANKS	2	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	3	3	10	10	6
ATHLETICS	0	0	2	0	0	4	1	0	0	2	9	10	7

THREE STARS:

*Jake Isenberg (Hitting) *Bill Fero (Fielding) *Phil McQuade (General Play)

MINOR DIAMOND (September 3)

Monday afternoon, the Minor League started their semi-finals with the Pirates meeting the Royals. The score, a lopsided 12-3 victory for the Pirates indicates what type of game it was. The Royals, who have been struggling all year were held in check by Dawson with a six hit affair. Bill Pollery, Royal hurler was tagged for nine hits — three of them home runs — and had trouble fooling the batters. Powell, a recent arrival from the Majors, played a fine game at shortstop. The star of the day was, beyond all doubts, our own loveable "Coco" Roberts. This blond bomber belted a pair of homers and a single to drive in five runs. He played errorless ball behind the plate and kept the team hustling

throughout the entire game. Jack DeForest had a pair of singles and three RBI's to help the assault along.

ROYALS	0	0	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	3	6	3
PIRATES	0	0	0	5	1	4	0	2	0	12	9	2

THREE STARS:

*Roberts (Hitting) *DeForest (Fielding) *Dawson (Pitching)

To pick an outstanding star in the Minor Leagues, it would be "Coco" Roberts. He hustled the whole game — keeping everyone on their toes. Under-rated all year, he is finally proving himself and should be a big gun in the finals.

MAJOR DIAMOND (Septemrebbber 8)

Well, it is now official. The underdog Tigers walloped the powerhouse Orioles 9-3 to win the best two out of three series, two games to none. In doing it, they looked great. They romped home with four big runs in the initial frame and needed no more for their victory. The game was protested on an infield fly dispute, but it was thrown out by Commissioner Ferguson. The Orioles lacked the spark they showed all season, and their ace hurler wasn't up to par as a result of a back injury. They did try, and for this, they must be congratulated. They were sports in defeat and fought back only to be denied by Crowe, the Tiger hurler, and the entire team. The Tigers made many sparkling plays and were in the right spots at the right time.

ORIOLES	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	3	10	4
TIGERS	4	0	1	2	0	0	0	2	0	9	10	2

THREE STARS:

*Archie Dorigo (Fielding) *Bill Watson (General Play) *Jim McGregor (Hitting)

MINOR DIAMOND (September 8)

On Saturday afternoon in the Minor League, the Indians were at home in their semi final play downs and came out on the losing end of a 6-3 score. After the initial frame when the Indians scored three times on a pair of walks, a single and an error, they were held scoreless thanks to some fine pitching by Olson and superb catching of Russ Semeniuk. All told, the Indians got three hits and could not protect their three run bulge. The Braves scored twice in the sixth, tied it in the seventh, and won it in the eighth frame. Olson, the Brave's hurler fanned ten men while the Gypsy gave up six hits and struck out three men.

BRAVES	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	3	0	6	6	5
INDIANS	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	4

THREE STARS:

*Olsen (Pitching) *Semeniuk (General Play) *Marshall (Fielding)

In a repeat performance, the same two teams battled to a nine inning 2-2 tie, and had to go extra innings. This time, it was the Indians who were victorious. In their half of the tenth frame, the Indians scored four runs on two doubles, a pair of singles and an error to win the game 6-2. Opalchuck, the Indians's hurler was great in the clutch — pitching no hit ball from the fourth inning through to the tenth.

Indians	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	4	6	10	6
BRAVES	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	1

THREE STARS:

*Olsen (Pitching) *Goodwin (Fielding) *Gypsy (Hitting)

September 9

On Sunday morning, the Pirates met the Royals, and a slugfest was in the making. The Pirates leaped ahead 14-7 through seven innings, and then the Royals took complete charge. While Big Bill Polley held the Pirates hitless, the Royals went to work on Dawson in the last two frames to score nine times on five hits and one error, and the big blow was by Scott. Just getting back into the ball games, after being an umpire for half the season, Scotty stepped to the plate with the sacks jammed with Royals and one out. On a terrific cut, the ball met good wood to sail high and deep for a grand slam home run. Remember what you said on the deck circle, Bob? It still goes a long way when you're sincere. This set is tied at one game each and will be thrashed out next week end.

PIRATES	2	2	1	3	2	1	3	0	0	14	10	8
ROYALS	1	1	3	1	0	2	0	4	5	16	12	9

THREE STARS:

*Lowery (Hitting) *Harvey (Fielding) *Coco Roberts (General Play)

MAJOR DIAMOND

Sunday afternoon, the Yankees, leading one game to none, met the Athletics in another thriller. For twelve innings, except for when yours truly made a boo bo in center field, with two out to allow the game to go extra innings. The Yanks, a surprise to all, played sound ball as did the A's with neither team giving no ground. Great fielding plays were made by little Joe Sullivan, Miles Simpson, Jake Isenberg, Phil McQuade, Ike Chappelle, Gordy Allison and others. The defence sparkled as they battled until the disastrous twelfth inning. To open the twelfth frame, Winfield singled for the A's. Blanche, attempting to sacrifice the runner popped up for the first out. Gord Allison then hit a hot one to Fero who knocked it down, threw low to first base, and Gord was on. Stepping up to the plate was third baseman Simpson. Jake called time and walked to the mound. Play ball, was called by Willsie and Jake settled behind the plate. After two bad pitches by Morgan to get Simpson to hit a bad pitch, they walked him intentionally to load the bases and set up a play at any base. Up stepped this year's batting champion, Gerry Bell. He fouled two off, then hit a fly ball to center that was deep enough to score a runner from third to go ahead 4-3. Windsor stepped up and hit the first pitch to the opposite field and it looked like an easy out, but Ed Turner lost the ball and two more runs were scored. Rochon singled Windsor home for another tally. Menard walked, and Phil McQuade hit a viscious liner to center which Chappelle made a nice catch on to end a hectic inning for the Yanks. In the Yanks twelfth, they got nothing.

ATHLETICS	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	7	10	2
YANKS	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	0	3	6	6

No stars will be picked for this game because it wouldn't be fair. Everyone worked hard and played their hearts out. The sets are tied one game each and the final is next Saturday.

MINORS**STANDING & AVERAGES**

H AB AVERAGE

Harvey	35	79	443
Polley	32	78	410
Gagne	28	80	350
Nugent	21	69	304
Olsen	23	81	284
Gregoire	22	81	272
Saunders	17	63	269
Peters	19	71	267
Rogers	21	86	244
Belaire	18	77	234

MAJORS

H AB AVERAGE

Bell	27	80	338
Allison	28	83	337
McLean	26	79	329
Windsor	26	81	321
Lepine	21	69	304
McGregor	22	76	289
Delaney	20	70	286
Rochon	19	73	260
Isenberg	18	72	250
Lundrigan	18	74	243
Crowe	3	43	070

A NORTHERN VIEW

I doubt if I could love a land
Forever cupped in summer's hand,
Where winter never shook the nights
With hammers of the northern lights,
Or dressed the trees in linen clothes,
Or sent a frost to bite my toes.

The heavy-lidded swarthy south
Where poppies lift a sleepy mouth,
And stars hang ripe as golden fruit,
Is something surely meant to suit
A little bird sitting by itself,
Way up high on the mountains granite shelf.

And then what southern spring could share
The crocus candle flames in snow?
Or plunging horses of the hills
With manes of yellow daffodils,
Or cold, blue-melted lakes that lie,
Like fallen fragments of the sky.

Philip Hamilton

The Wrong Choice

Garry Harding

THE ACH man has to choose a trade or profession to earn his living. Sometimes the wrong choice is made and the man must start over again at something new.

Choosing to be a criminal is the worst choice of all, but the lure of so-called "easy-money" is often very tempting. Of course all people in jails are not criminals by trade. For example, because a man paints his garage in his spare time, it doesn't make him a painter by trade. By the same token, because some youth steals a car to go joy-riding, he can't be considered a criminal by trade. The saying "Crime Does Not Pay" has been proved to be correct at least nine times out of ten — still there are many of us who chose crime as a means of earning a living, regardless of these odds. Was it easy money? For most of us, no — it was the hardest money we ever tried to earn.

Take a man who is a painter by trade. His work must pass inspection to satisfy the boss. If it doesn't he'll be fired. The same applies to a man trying to rob someone's place of business. He must count on getting all the breaks and do the job in a first-class, skillful manner, or he, too, will be fired — at! On top of this he'll be sent to jail for a few years with the knowledge that he is now a man with a record.

But let's say that the painter's work is good and he receives his pay envelope every week. He can live quite happily with his family and spend the money freely, own a home and car, and have few, if any worries, of losing it — plus his freedom. Now we look once more at the man who has chosen crime as his means of livelihood. If he did get all the so-called breaks while executing a crime, can he start

living as freely as the painter? He can if he wants to go to jail sooner than he is going to! In actuality he is living with the fear of someone finding him out. He knows that every dollar he spends of his money may be the one that will put him in the hands of the law. He must have good explanations for any expensive purchases he makes. His immediate relatives and friends would become suspicious if he started flashing "a roll." He must be careful of everyone because he can never tell who he can trust or who will turn him in. Yes, now he is back where he started before he stole the money. He has to hope for all the breaks to be able to enjoy it.

The painter must go on working every week in order to receive his pay. Eventually he will grow old and will be laid off or retired. The criminal must keep "working" too. The difference, though, is that he doesn't have to grow old before he gets laid off. He will get his "retirement cheque" the first time he makes a slip, or as he would put it, "the first time he doesn't get all the breaks."

Naturally there is a solution to the criminal's troubles. Since he had the misfortune to make the wrong choice at the beginning, he is still able to make another choice. All is not lost — there is always a second chance — to make good.

Some men have the opportunity of learning a trade while in jail. For these the road back to society is not too difficult. For those who do not receive a trade, the road back is much harder: **BUT IT CAN BE DONE.**

That is — if they do not AGAIN make "The Wrong Choice."

-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-

The first national prison organization — it became the American Prison Association — met at Cincinnati and issued a declaration: It said that the purpose of imprisonment was reformation not punishment. It called for the abolition of flat-time sentences and the substitution of indeterminate sentences coupled with parole — the time of an inmate's release would depend on his behaviour and the progress he made toward reformation. It called for the abolition of the silent system and the cultivation of the inmate's self respect. And it urged a number of other things that reformers still are urging — non-political appointments of guards and wardens, TRAINING FOR GUARDS, uniform penal statistics, better architecture, smaller prisons and the classification of inmates and their segregation into various institutions. (This was in 1870)

From The Spokesman (State of Georgia)

MONTHLY REPRINT

FIRST OFFENDER, by F. B. Hettinger, reprinted from THE HARBINGER

Editor's Note: Mr. F. B. Hettinger is senior member of the law firm of Hettinger & Holmes of Kansas. He has been active in law work since 1923.

HERE have been many articles written and many speeches made concerning the matter of speedy justice in the United States. It is undoubtedly true that in many instances there has been an unnecessary delay in the proceedings where court calendars are crowded, or where delay tactics have been used. On the other hand, there are cases that have been handled too swiftly, without proper investigation and without a determination as to the chances of a successful bench parole.

In the case of young offenders when they have never been in any serious trouble before and have not violated any of the graver laws of the State, an investigation that is thorough in its nature should be made by the Sheriff's office and the County Attorney to determine whether or not a parole should be granted. If it can be ascertained that these young people would not again violate the law and that the probabilities of their becoming useful citizens was very high, then they should, of course, be granted a bench parole. On the other hand, if an investigation shows a highly emotional temperament or anti-social tendencies which have been of long standing and that such party or parties would not be of benefit to society and would probably be a definite liability, then such persons should not be paroled.

To make such a determination a Court must have full information. This cannot be done by the Judge as he does not have the time, nor the facilities, nor the express power to enter into such an investigation. This should be done by the arresting officer and prosecuting officers and should be fully and ably presented to the Court in order that a full and complete disclosure might be made and a proper result obtained. After quite a number of years on the bench, this writer is of the opinion that all Courts should have such rules as are necessary in order to insure such a proper investigation and presentation, and if necessary, laws should be passed to see that such is the case.

We all know that the institutionalizing of all offenders would not only be unnecessary but prejudicial to society as a whole, and that it would be an expense which would be extremely burdensome. On the other hand, society must be protected from those who cannot resist the performing of depredations against society and in violating the laws and rules laid down by society. It is very difficult, at best, to determine just where such a line should be drawn between those who deserve and should have a bench parole and those who should be sent to a penal institution in order to protect society and correct their attitudes if possible. If a young offender is really not a danger to society, but is, nevertheless, sent to an institution, such person may easily be influenced there to become extremely anti-social and when released can very easily become a hardened criminal. On the other hand, certainly anyone who is dangerous to society should be placed in custody where such danger can be removed.

The term "First Offender" is not as easily defined as one might think. A first offender should be such a person who is young enough to see the error of his ways and capable of changing and also should be a person who has not shown and exhibited criminal tendencies prior to the offense on which he is charged. This does not mean that he has not previously violated any laws, but that such violations do not show a confirmed tendency to anti-social actions. These things can be determined only by a full and complete investigation into the history of the party and his or her former records, with regard to their conduct. There is also, of course, the great field of character analysis which is being tried more and more in determining the ability of persons to conform to the rules of society or their lack of such ability which means that they, by reason of some mental trouble, are unable to do so. This, of course, is one of the best approaches to the problem, but is available in very few cases for a complete analysis.

It is often said that the biggest deterrent to crime is the knowledge that speedy and certain punishment will follow. It has been determined many times throughout history that this knowledge and the carrying out of such a policy does not deter crime, and that crime is caused by factors that are not influenced by this quick and certain punishment. Of course, we will agree that no person should be allowed to go without some form of punishment being inflicted for violation of rules and regulations which are very necessary in the crowded society that we have today.

In order to determine the advisability of what punishment should be inflicted, it is necessary that society do its best to draw the line in each individual case so that when a person is incarcerated it is because they deserve to be and because society must be protected from them and not merely as an example to others who might have a tendency to commit the same offense.

The proper operation of penal institutions to aid and assist in the reformation of its inmates is of a very great importance. However, it seems to this writer that it is also very important that a full investigation should be made before anyone of a young age should be sent to any such institution in the first place. This should assist in the problems of the institution, as a provision could be made for a record of the investigation and findings made to be sent to the institution with the prisoner, and a basis could thus be formed

for the handling of the party in the institution and also in the granting of paroles from such institution. At present, there is no link or connection between the court that tries and sentences the individual and the institution except that before parole is granted, the court officials are notified that there will be a hearing of such parole and give such information as they might have. This is very unsatisfactory as often judges have changed and the new judge knows nothing about the case or the party, and other officers may also have changed so that no report can be given by any of the officers of the court. Also such officers of the court have no knowledge of the person's record in the institution nor how they conducted themselves while there, which is undoubtedly an important factor in determining whether they should be paroled from such institution. If such an investigation were made by the court and its officers and reduced to writing, and accompanied the party to the institution, there would be at least that link so that the officers at the institution and the parole board would know something of the party prior to being received at the institution. It seems that such a course could hardly be criticised and any additional time and expense necessary would be well repaid in the rehabilitating of offenders to society when such a rehabilitation is indicated, and also would aid and assist in keeping the offender who cannot resist where he will not be a menace to society.

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Whatever you do, you need courage. Whatever course you decide upon, there is always someone to tell you you are wrong. There are always difficulties arising which tempt you to believe that your critics are right. To map out a course of action and follow it to an end requires some of the same courage which a soldier needs. Peace has its victories, but it takes brave men to win them. —Emerson

I am no penologist but my theory of prison is that it should endeavour to rehabilitate a man, to instill in him ambition for freedom and new hope in him for the future after he is free. But if you chuck him into the can tagged for half a normal lifetime you say in effect to the poor guy that he has no future and no hope. I think that it is horribly wrong. Do not ask me what should be the maximum sentence. I do not know. But it should not be 20, 30 or 40 years. —Damon Runyan

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has enjoyed the trust of pure women, the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given them the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction. —Bessie A. Stanley



PERUSING THE PENAL PRESS



K.P. TELESCOPE, Kingston, Ontario: Como es usted Juan? You say we are neighbours, we have always felt you were a very good friend of ours. We have forwarded a November '55 issue to you. It was from the editor's private collection and as he is getting short he hates to part with any of his Diamond collection, however as we have always said on the Diamond, "Anything for John Brown." We enjoyed your story, Batchelor Thief, and our Associate Editor sends his compliments to Jimmy Law and wonders if his cartoon on Page 35 August issue was inspired by Francoise Best of luck, John, and if we can be of any service at any time, do not hesitate to suggest it to us. We shall try to encourage Mort as you suggest.

We always enjoy Feminine Features by Della Burns and Jim-nastic Jills by Kay Jackson. As a matter of fact, a few of our staff would like to be transferred over to the Women's Building. Adios y pesetas y salud.

THE VIEWPOINT, Lompoc, California: We have only one thing to say to Frank Jirkousky on his August Editorial. Your policy is quite correct, to the point and is exactly the way we feel. In your five months as Editor of the **Viewpoint**, you have certainly accomplished a great deal. Ahem! At this point, we are going to mention your art-work and cheese-cake. Although they are not penological subjects, we enjoy them. Keep up the good work and remember, we are rooting for you.

MAINLINE CHATTER, Lansing, Kansas: Welcome, Welcome! We are certainly pleased to receive your first issue and rest assured you are on our mailing list. We sure hope you become a permanent fixture on the Penal Circuit. We await, anxiously, the advent of your regular magazine for in our minds, it must be divorced from all other departments. In closing, we say, "The Best of Luck, and keep it coming."

THE SAN QUENTIN NEWS, San Quentin, California: We always enjoy your little tabloid, and rest assured it is read from cover to cover. The photo of your vocational garden really caught our eye and shows that we shut-ins do have plenty of ability. Your write-up of conditions in the Philippines certainly gives us a lot of food for thought, and they seem to have the most humane approach to locking up a married man. Your editorial entitled, "There Are Other Walls Outside These Walls," was an excellent piece of writing. So for what it is worth, we like and admire your publication.

RAIFORD RECORD, Raiford, Florida: Your July-August issue was up to your usual standards. We have one question, "How do you do it?" Your, Request For Transfer, really tickled our fancies. But really, "Isn't it the truth?" Do not be surprised if we reprint it at a later date. Thanks for some good reading.

CROSS ROADS, F.C.I., Texarkana, Texas: Your July issue kept us going for a few days. There was plenty in it. Your reprint of ours was a nice gesture, thank you. We like your sports coverage and Poets page. Keep her coming!

THE MESSENGER, South Dakota: Happy Anniversary to you fellows. And may we congratulate you on your anniversary issue? It was most excellent. Your editorial was to the point and very well written. The reprint was good, and we feel there should be more of this type. Keep her coming!

THE T.I. NEWS, F.C.I., Terminal Island: We have just received your July issue, and we thoroughly enjoyed it. We want to compliment you on, "Tour Of Duty" and "Seraglio Summary." From cover to cover, a grand effort. Congratulations.

ISLAND LANTERN, McNeil Island, Washington: We can always find something worthwhile in your publication, and take it from us Tom Opitz, your artist is really tops! We end by saying, "We always enjoy your fine efforts."

THE STAR, Carville, Louisiana: Your encouraging outlook for the future makes us sit back and take stock of ourselves. We never see a gripe or complaint in your publication. Though our prospects for the future are brighter than yours, we still have to succeed in the spirit of thought and faith where you folks have already conquered. God Bless you.

FAITH

Faith is like a flower,
Blooming thru the years.
At times it fades and almost dies
But with the first warm spring-sunrise
It blooms anew.

And like a tiny flower,
Faith needs a little care,
An understanding gentle hand
To ease that broken hope or plan
Along life's way.

Len Smart

Serving Two Masters

Keith Munro

IN viewing the laws of foreign nations, Canadians are confused at the complex character of their legality. What proves to be suitable for one race of people who harbour distinct characteristics does not necessarily blend with the customs and way of life of another nation. Laws are instituted for the purpose of correcting problems that have arisen or may be encountered in the mode of life at a located district. Therefore, laws are adaptable only in localities where the application is feasible — providing that national equality is an established fact.

There are many problems to overcome in enacting a law, and there are many methods employed by nations to enforce them. In countries of a bilingual nature, such as Canada, the difficulty in administering equal justice presents a question that cannot, seemingly, be readily answered. There are laws for the Canadian Indian population, the Eskimo minority, the provincial French element, and the English speaking majority. They are distinct laws which were drafted to protect the individuals concerned. But many of these tenets, though designed to protect, also deprive the individual of certain rights.

While the basic intention of all laws is universal, the technical viewpoint varies greatly. Where the Occidental may think along one line, the Asiatic can reverse the same train of thought to arrive at an equitable solution. This stems from the differences in culture, speech and character that are experienced in different nationalities. Several countries have more than one tongue and operate jointly on an unified internal nationalistic basis. These nations have overcome the pettiness of inter-racial differences, and have at the same time succeeded in retaining their group cultures and characteristics. In most instances, their tribal tongues have been interwoven with sister provinces, thus forming a new language that becomes universal in the nationalistic sense.

But in Canada, we are confronted with a problem of racial barriers that have been constructed between the English and French element. This racial question does not just concern a culture breach, and it is becoming very

deeprooted in all phases of Canadian life. The English speaking majority are now developing a more favourable attitude to the anti French advocates because of the isolationist attitude that the Province of Quebec has adopted.

Quebec is the oldest province in the country. It was settled by emigrants from old France who brought with them a well established culture and civilized outlook. These foreign heritages and traits have continued unchanged for centuries. This is as it should be. But with the progress of time and civilization, laws and organization have changed to keep pace with modernization. In the Province of Quebec though, this has not proven to be the case.

While retaining the old world culture, she has also continued to abide by antiquated Napoleonic laws. Now this would be quite acceptable to Canadians, providing that Quebec was not a province of the Dominion. But fortunately, she is. This then presents difficulties in the field of human rights when viewing the situation from the nationalistic angle. The people of Quebec do not enjoy the same rights and privileges in their civil courts, and in many cases the criminal courts, that other Canadians experience. On the basis of equality for all Canadians, the Napoleonic laws conflict seriously with established Canadian law and procedure. These old world laws are antiquated and not in keeping with modernization or nationalism. They take away human rights that history shows were not gained easily. It serves as an opposition to Canadian law, and segregates the French Canadian from the remainder of his countrymen, and assists in promoting race hatred.

As the oldest province in the Dominion, Quebec should be the richest, materially, and the most heavily populated. But the alien atmosphere and laws of the province have been responsible for the steady exodus of new Canadians from Quebec to other provinces. The discouragement of large industry in Quebec stems from the fact that many business establishments wish to escape the restrictions that would be placed on their operations by the province's laws. Many big companies are moving their head offices from Montreal to

Toronto for this sole reason. Corporation laws are slowly draining on Quebec's economy, and the reluctance of the provincial administrators to accept entitled benefits from the Federal Government continues to keep the province in a retarded state.

The social laws of Quebec, though they are laws in theory only, are quite flexible, and the sister provinces, while more staid and austere in their outlook, accept the Quebec night life with disapproving, but covetous, attitudes.

Criminal law, though, presents a narrower outlook than that experienced by other Canadian Provinces. The penal system, the provincially supported one, that is, seems to have no rehabilitative program at all. The courts, which are provincially operated, mete out sentences that are not proportionate with the remainder of the country. Where a man, convicted in the Province of Ontario for the crime of Breaking-And-Entering might receive a penal term ranging from one to five years, depending on the circumstances and past record of the accused, in Quebec the sentences have reached the gigantic peaks of fourteen — and in one case that I know of — twenty years! The latter-mentioned person has eleven years of his sentence completed and is only twenty-eight years of age.

Now, one might take the attitude that such a policy is the business of the French Canadians. But this isn't so! The men sentenced to these lengthy terms of imprisonment will be wards of the Federal Government at a cost of approximately \$2,000. per year — each. Once Federal expenditures are involved, then it becomes the concern of the Canadian taxpayer. This then brings the man from British Columbia, the man from Manitoba, the man from Nova Scotia — or any other Canadian province — into the picture. This interferes with the national internal potential of Canada.

But let's look at it from another viewpoint — not that of the politician or taxpayer — but the convicted person's position. Does he get a fair trial and judgment as a Canadian, or Frenchman? If he is being tried as a Canadian first and French secondary, then some action by the Department of Justice should be taken to assure an accused that he will not suffer undue inequality of sentences that are

so far out of proportion to the rest of the country. If he is being tried as a Frenchman or resident first, and a Canadian second, then he does not receive full compensation of justice to which he is entitled as a national of this country.

Provincial rights are jealously guarded by their administrators. And rightly so! But when those rights affect the welfare and well being of national non-residents of Quebec, then the unity of Canada is seriously impaired if the situation is allowed to continue.

Recently, a Member of the House of Commons in Ottawa, suggested that Canadians have a Bill of Rights. Such a move was rejected with the statement that we didn't need one in this country — that we enjoyed as much freedom as any other country in the world. Now, while this is an acceptable truth, it is still no reason why we cannot protect the individual right with some tangible method. At the same time, such a Bill would give every Canadian access to the full limitations* of the law as an individual. Such a move would also eliminate the possibility of any attempted establishment of a dictatorial system within a province. It would be a guarantee of any political party's sincerity, both Provincial and Federal.

The Federal government is reluctant to interfere with provincial administration because it respects the right of the provinces to have self-determination. But when that democratic right establishes a caste system whereby inequality is the product, then some measures should be undertaken to correct such a situation.

Canada is a nation on the move. It has such vast resources and great potential that there are no limitations to an individual's success. But this requires teamwork. Without it we will not advance. Advancement is our only means of survival. A combined effort on the part of all provinces dictates the success of any Federal Government. Let's forget our petty differences and share equally in the organization and progress of a great nation. Equality is the only social caste system that has survived the history of the centuries. Let's give it to everybody.

Properly conceived, tolerance is the positive and cordial effort to understand another's beliefs, practices, and habit, without necessarily sharing or adopting them.

Joshua L. Liebman

COMPARISON

WE HAVE had occasion in the past three days to talk to four men. Really a startling announcement, this, in an institution with a population of over four hundred males. However, each of these men has one thing in common and each man has the same idea on their common bond. Along the coincidence line the four above-mentioned men have one more common bond; they all broached the subject of parole and its merits within a few days of each other. (Maybe they got together and planned this approach.)

Each of these men was on parole, they are of an age; and it has been twenty years or more since their last offense. Coincidence? No, parole.

To continue; No. 1 approached us while we were showering. He asked what we intended to do regarding an article to bring out the benefits of parole. We explained how we felt and what had been done in the past on articles of this type. Realize first, we are approached many times in a week by fellows who have an idea or a beef or wish to have the staff write something venomous regarding a real or fancied situation. But not the chap we shall hence term No. 1 — he had the facts that were the foundation of a new train of thought. Everything he had to say was constructive and as he had lived the experience, he knew what it was all about.

So on with No 1's story. "Twenty years ago I was paroled from Guelph. To remain free I had to be employed and behave myself. After a few weeks of steady work I settled down into the routine; in fact, eventually I was thoroughly enjoying my job. My behaviour seemed to improve as my work progressed, and as there were twenty years between my offences, I suppose you could say parole worked in my case; after all it kept me straight for two decades."

No 2 stopped the writer in the main corridor and after introducing himself went on to explain how parole had worked for him. He had been paroled in 1939 and had worked

steadily ever since. Physical reasons had barred him from the armed services; however, the parole had worked for seventeen years.

No 3 was much the same story; he had been paroled in 1936 and this was the first time he had been in trouble since.

No. 4 was paroled in 1934 and had remained on the street for 22 years, trouble-free and fairly comfortable.

We could go on and on, delve into each story but we choose to sum the four stories up and the following chapters will be the summarization.

First, when a man has served a sentence in a prison he is thoroughly regimented. He has become used to holding down a job and keeping regular hours. Everything is arranged for the prisoner — time to get up in the morning, time to eat, time to go to work, time to go to bed, all arranged. This prison life is even more strictly arranged than the army; in the military life a man could always sneak away for an evening, illegally that is, but try it in prison.

So is it not logical to place a man on parole while he is regimented? He has a deposit of good time earned to his credit; and by being given a parole he feels he must make good, if only to prevent a further appearance in court and have the phrase flung at him "You were given a chance on parole, now I must make an example of you." Along with this is the fact that he must serve the good time he has earned during his imprisonment and very few men relish the thought of actually sentencing themselves.

When a man serves his full sentence in an institution and there is any doubt about his reformation, he feels he has paid his debt by the time he has spent in detention. Therefore he is free to make his own way. If he wishes to return to crime there is no rein on him, the fact that he owes himself a chance at a normal life does not enter his mind. However, if he is paroled he has the feeling that someone has placed trust in him and so he is going to

try and vindicate that faith.

Habit is one of the greatest factors in straightening a person's behaviour out. Why not project the prison sentence out onto the street with the offender by way of a parole? Further, make these paroles of a length to be worthwhile.

For what it is worth, many men finish a full sentence and return to the outside; in a remarkably short time they return to prison. Take the cases of our four subjects; nearly twenty years elapsed between their terms of imprisonment. What would have been the re-

sult had they completed their terms and left prison without the restraining influence of a parole and its governing factors?

Just think of the saving in man-power — four men on the street for twenty years each, four men who, during their parole period, cost the government \$50.00 a year each as compared to \$1,500.00 to \$1,600.00 each, while incarcerated! And these men living up to the faith put in them by others remained free for twenty years. Concrete evidence, what? And inexpensive!

** ** ** **



Alexander The Great

by Bill Jones

In a land that was old, lived a knight bad and bold,
And a king with a red-headed daughter,
But a dragon was there, which no person would dare
To go stalking and finally slaughter.
Now the king was no fool and had seen the knight drool
When he cast eyes upon this young filly,
So he sent out a herald to bring in Sir Gerald
Just to meet this fair damsel named Lily.
When the knight met the pet he broke out in a sweat,
And with scabbard he clumsily fumbled,
But he started to giggle when she did a wiggle,
"Zounds, gadzooks, must be queer!" the king grumbled.
Casting caution aside the king promised a bride
To the knight if he slew the bad dragon,
So away to the fray sped this Queen of the May
Leaving all eyes a-pop and tongues waggin'.
When the dragon was burned and Sir Gerald returned,
The king gathered about him his beauties,
There were blondes and brunettes, there were red-haired soubrettes,
There were hundreds of curvaceous cuties.
Facing such an assembly our bold knight was all trembly,
Then fair Lil asked "Your choice of our sex is?"
The knight said "On you thing, to the king I will cling,
'Cause you see, dear, I'm mad 'bout Alexis!"
At these words Alexander really got up his dander,
And had Gerald dragged off to the jail,
But the crowd weren't surprised for they'd rightly surmised
That their king loved a sweet fairy tale.

KAMPUS KWEERIES



by "The Marshall"

Dear Kamper:

Shortly, I shall be leaving this sacred institution to make my own way in the great outside. This, I am pleased about. However, I do have one disturbing thought. "Who will carry on my job when I am gone?"

Perfectionist

Dear Irreplaceable:

It is very difficult to give you the exact number of people who have died since the world began, but many of these people held down very good jobs. Please be informed the job continued to function after their death and the world still revolves around the sun. Do not worry, the institution will carry on despite the loss of you.

Me Too

Dear Psychic:

Ahoy! I have a problem. Before I came in here, you could not buy tonic water on the outside to mix with gin. It was unknown. I am afraid that on my release, I may order a gin and tonic and not be able to drink it. Thus I shall show people that I have been out of things for quite some time. What shall I do?

Commander Blockhead

Blocky, old boy!

Cheeahs, pip pip, toodle ooh, yoicks, tally-ho and other navel expressions. Who are you

attempting to jolly? Despite the alias, I recognize your fine hand. But shrewd as you are, you cunning old roue, I feel you won't be out long enough to order a gin and tonic water. So, why worry?

Stirrup cup

Dear Odd One:

Tell me, is it legally possible to change my name? Every time I tell people my name is Bill Brown they say, "Probably an alias." I have suffered this indignity for thirty two years. What do you advise?

Bill Brown

Dear Mr. Smith:

Curiously enough, we have a chap on our staff, the Associate Editor to be exact, and he is of the same age as you claim to be. His first name is Bill also and many times people have remarked, "Probably an alias." I am not one to wager, however, I have money that says you are both older than the thirty two claimed years, and to give you the edge, I feel the tombstone chipper will be carving our Bill's name a few years before yours. Why not change your name to Browne. The additional E, you will find, lends an air to the otherwise commonplace Brown. Or bear with us and change it to Bruin, or, and we shudder, how about Jones?

William Van Brown III

Dear Tower of Wisdom:

How well do you know the Criminal Code? For a knowledge of the Criminal Code is necessary for my case. I was given a year's sentence on each of five counts. However, the learned judge did not say which sentence was to be served first. What do you think? Maybe I am serving the sentences in wrong sequence. Please help me sort this out.

Out of Step

Dear Fiver:

Just do what you can, how you can, when you can and stop bothering us. What you leave, someone else will finish!

Can do

Dear Fosdick:

I have only been here one month, but have reason to think my ex-sweetheart is endeavouring to trace me through The Bureau of Missing Persons. When I say ex-sweetheart, I mean the sweetheart I picked up in the Exhibition last year. She told me at that time she was a simple country girl and had won the Miss Milk Maid contest. I find she has put cows behind her (sic) and is now on the mid-

way as little Fatima, Queen of Shake. What can her motive be in tracing me?

Bull Durham

Dear Lit end: (cigarette, get it?)

Seems to me your exhibition — and I use it advisedly, sweetheart is working at both her professions. There is definitely a connection between a milk-maid and a milk shake. The mute question is, "What flavour?" But I suppose that is an udder story. To condense the whole thing, remember, you must make hay whilst the sun shines and as hay seems to have a connection with cows, my philosophy is, "It is better to have loft and lost than to have pitched moo!! So long for cow. Oats been nice to sow you. Trust we have been of service.

Ferdinand El Toro

Dear Pixie:

I was warned on entering this vale of tears that if I broke any rules, I would end up in some plenty serious trouble. As I have just come out of the damper, what advice do you have to offer?

Cool one

Dear Defrosted:

As you have just graduated from the damper, and you are still seeking advice, my few words to you are; just repeat the offense and if you get the same treatment, you will at least know they are consistent. Hoping to hear from you.

Red Headed Pixie

Dear Columnist:

I must compliment you on your fine column. I always find great solace and comfort from it, and I always enjoy your recipes and dress patterns. As a mother of sixteen children, I know how hard you must work to get your column together.

Matilda Knockwurst

Dear Knacky:

Gosh, thanks! I hardly know what to say, but we are accepting the compliments.

Bewildered

Dear Kweeries:

The popular craze today is to swim Lake Ontario, the English Channel and Juan de Fuca. Do you think there is any particular reason for this?

Disturbed

Dear Disturbed:

There is a very good reason for most of our fads today, and most can be blamed on the mothers and fathers of the present generation. To point out a few: (1) When the mothers and fathers of today's children were going to college the craze was gold-fish swallowing — so, what goes in must come out. See what I mean? (2) Hot Rod driving comes from "A bicycle built for Two" when two was company and three a chaperon. (3) "Boogie Woogie" comes from the custom of renting a buggy to take your girl riding and then pitching woo. The smart thing to say twenty years ago was "buggy woogie" but since a Yorkshireman said it, it has been "boogie woogie" ever since. (4) Sun-bathing today is merely a carry-over from something our parents like to do called "The Black Bottom."

Solomon

Dear Sir:

I am an avid reader. I read everything that I can get my hands on. As a matter of fact, that is why I am serving my sentence. You see, I stole thirty thousand volumes from a library. As I am such a hungry reader and have proved I am, do you think the time will cure me?

Book Worm

Dear Wiggly:

I doubt it! Had you taken them from a bookstand, it would have indicated a modern interest in the written word, but since you chose a library as your victim, it shows an interest in old stuff which has been hanging around for years, and like the writers of old, you shall continue until dead. Your best bet is radio or TV. But cheer up, you might make history yet.

Dale Cornegie

♦♦ ♦♦ ♦♦ ♦♦

While skill is something for which there is no substitute, and while there is great vocational value in general education, still, both need to be supplemented by good personality traits. Before a man can be a good businessman, or a good professional man, he has to be a good man.

—Kenneth McFarland

The wayside of business is full of brilliant men who started out with a spurt and lacked the stamina to finish. Their places were taken by patient and unshowy plodders who never knew when to quit.

—Todd.

A Turn To The Right

Bill Jones

THE man alighted from the westbound train and quickly slunk into the lengthening shadow cast by the wayside station. He had decided to detrain two stops before his destination and by any means to hand, re-enter the small town he had left eight years earlier. Glancing quickly from right to left, he ascertained that any passengers boarding the train had the attention of the few people on the platform, so he continued walking rapidly toward an abandoned gravel pit some three hundred yards down the twilit road. Not once did his pace slacken until, with a vigorous leap, he hurdled a storm fence and slid several feet down the side of the excavation, coming to a dusty stop at its bottom. For some seconds he sat motionless, then raising a hand and wiping his wet forehead, said a fervent "thank God."

Who is this man, and why does he shun his fellow-men?

Eight years ago he was Jack Brown, paying teller in his home town's leading bank, respected, admired and envied. But one day made a difference to him, the difference between a full life and promising future and a living death for two years. Yes, within twenty-four hours he was arrested and charged with complicity in a swindle that had been discovered in his bank, a swindle of which he was completely innocent: within the same period he was 'found' guilty and sentenced to two years in the state penitentiary. Justice in the depression-ridden thirties was swift and ruthless. Stunned, he commenced serving his time.

Seven years ago he was Escaped Convict Number 5000: seven years ago he was again convict number 5000, recaptured, serving one plus two years additional for escaping custody.

Five years ago he was once more Escaped Convict Number 5000: the same day he was again convict number 5000, recaptured, and serving the unexpired one year plus four years for escaping custody. A man, innocent, sentenced to two years for a crime he did not commit, he first planned and executed his escape to plead with the judge for mercy: on his second unsuccessful break he had hate in

his heart. At the completion of eight years, solid, we thus find Jack Brown, ex-convict — a free man. What is in his heart now?

Removing his coat, our man sits on the unyielding gravel and is shifted uncomfortably by a bulge in the back pocket of his trousers. Ah, a wallet, something he has not carried on his person for eight years. Removing it from his pocket, he empties the contents on his outspread coat and in the fast fading light, surveys his worldly possessions. There is a car operator's license — eight years old, of course, a picture of a smiling, fresh-faced girl and a grey-haired woman — his sweetheart and mother. Taking a picture in each hand he brings them close to his eyes and studies each long and searchingly. Where is his girl now, and who has the right to love and protect her, the right he once cherished? He puts it down and again looks at his mother's picture. He lifts his hand to his eyes — they seem to be burning. Can it be that a speck of dust causes a tear to gather? He slowly raises his head to seek a solitary star. He places the second picture alongside the first and then picks up and counts his money — thirty dollars and eight cents. As the coins trickle through his fingers — eight pennies — he starts to laugh silently, and continues to laugh until his long, lean frame is shaken by a paroxysm of wrenching, dry, hollow sobs. He falls on his back, rolls over, and only night is his companion in sorrow.

The morning sun sends two fingers of light over the face of our sleeping friend and he starts up, a look of fear momentarily on his face and in his eyes. He looks around furtively and seems at a loss to comprehend his position: then memory comes rushing back. He rises to his feet, stretches, then reaches down and picks up his coat. He looks at the sky, blue but hazy, folds the coat over his arm, and climbs to the road he had left the night before. He stands still for some few minutes — should he go left or right? He starts to walk westward, to the right.

For some three miles he continues to tramp along the side of the road, then he sees a horse and wagon with a solitary driver coming from a side road. He stops and looks back, then to

the approaching wagon, then looks back again. He does not move. He finally turns and faces the driver who has come alongside him. He lowers his eyes and again starts walking.

"Hey, sonny, lost your way?" No answer.

"I say, son, lost your way?" again asks the farmer.

Our friend stops in his track, then raising his eyes to the driver, says: "Yes, Mr. Mallon. I lost my way eight years ago."

The driver sits rivetted to his seat for several seconds: then taking off his battered straw hat, climbs down from the wagon and walks toward Jack. When he reaches him they stare at each other in silence. Then the farmer extends a work-gnarled hand and says: "Well, it isn't Kate Brown's boy, and I'm mighty glad to see you lad, mighty glad."

Jack says nothing for some seconds as he grasps and wrings the hand offered him. Then: "How's Aunt Ida?"

"Fine as silk, my boy, fine as silk — and cooking breakfast just about now. Go right up to the house and make yourself at home."

"No, I....I....couldn't do that" replies Jack.

"And why not? In fact, I'm taking you there right now." Saying which, he grasped Jack's arm and gave him a push to the wagon. "Hop up, my boy, old Bessie can still step out when she's heading home." Jack climbed up beside the old man and they turned in the direction of the farmhouse.

"By the way, Jack, I've a piece of news you will be glad to hear and a piece of news you won't like."

"Oh, such as?"

"Well, old Jim Fegan, the man we all figured railroaded you eight years ago was brought low with a stroke last week and called for Brown the lawyer. He gave him a sealed envelope and told him to deliver to the police chief if he passed out, and sure enough, he kicked off night before last. Well, Brown took the envelope to the chief yesterday and it contained a full confession of the crime you've done time for, my boy."

Jack sat motionless as a statue, not daring to trust his voice. Finally — "so what's that make me?"

"Well, we can't undo the harm he did, but we can sure do some good for someone else, if you're so minded. And I don't know how to tell you what I'm going to."

Jack looked at him closely for some seconds, then: "Go ahead, I've taken a lot of bad

for a long time, and if I can stand the shock of this first good news, I can bear a bit more bad. Is it about Gloria — is she married?" Gloria had been Jack's girl in the happier days. Mr. Mallon sat thoughtful for a minute or two, then looking into Jack's eyes said: "Yes, Jack, married and dead." He told the story of how Gloria and her husband had left the youngster with him and Aunt Ida for two weeks while they went to the oceanside, how on the last night of their vacation they had been swept beyond their depth and both had drowned trying to save each other.

Jack was silent after this until they reached the farmhouse.

Aunt Ida came to the doorway and, not immediately noticing Jack, started to scold her husband for coming back before breakfast was ready. Jack looked at her and as he looked, a blonde curly head peeked around her ample bulk and said: "Hello, mister, who are you?" Jack stared — here was his Gloria in miniature, the same tousled head and violet-blue eyes. Mr. Mallon climbed down from the wagon, saying:

"Come on, Jack, give your old girl a kiss, and one for the young 'un too."

"Oh dear God, you've sent my Jack back to me" cried Aunt Ida when she recognised Jack. He swept into her arms and no word was spoken for many minutes.

"Hey, mister, how about one for me too?" piped a young voice, as the little girl tugged at his coat.

Jack released his hold on Aunt Ida and stooped down to take the child into his arms.

"You know who that is Jack?" asked Aunt Ida.

"Yes, Aunt Ida, I'd know anytime and any place" replied Jack.

"Well, she's ours for keeps, now, and we told her that someday soon a dear friend of her mother's would be coming to live with us. We didn't know you'd be here so soon, and we thought we'd have to look for you, but she's been asking for you ever since we told her you'd be coming."

Jack said nothing for a while, then looking intently at both the old folks, then at Gloria, said: "I got off the train last night and slept by the side of the road in the old gravel pit. I didn't know then that old Fegan had died and had cleared me, and when I got up to start travelling this morning, I didn't know whether to turn left or right. I'm glad I took the turn to the right."

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STAR OR SATELITE?

Keith Munro

ED NOTE: The following article is a neutral weighing-up of the Arab-Jewish situation. We as inmates of a Federal penitentiary are fully aware of what propaganda can and does do. The writer of this article feels, after doing a good deal of research, that the Arabs have been unfairly dealt with as far as newspaper coverage and general knowledge of the situation permits.

RECENTLY, the news services have been devoting much wordage to the Egyptian-Suez crisis, and seemingly, the Arabs are being made to look like aggressors, agitators, and traitors to the Western Bloc. Colonel Nasser's seizure of the Canal Company has, by our system of interpretation, served as a stab in the back. It seems that overnight, we have become anti-Arabic and pro-Israelite because Egypt has threatened to fight to defend her declared-right-to-directorship, and it is through this Egyptian policy that we declare Nasser an agitator. The crowning glory though, comes from the Zionist propaganda that is being served when border incidents along the Arab-Israeli frontiers are magnified to make the Arab Bloc look like aggressors.

The Arab-Israeli dispute, though not a full decade old, go back much farther than May 14, 1948 when the new state of Israel was proclaimed. It was British policy and planning during the first World War that resulted in a Jewish State. At that time, the British Colonial Secretary wrote to the chairman of the Zionist Federation of Great Britain that the English Government favoured the establishment of a homeland in Palestine for the Jewish race. Now while this was a condescending gesture on the part of the British, it would also be interesting to know what hidden purpose was to be served in establishing the State of Israel in the homeland of the greatest enemies that the Jewish people have ever known. Not only that, during World War I, T.E. Lawrence of "Lawrence of Arabia" fame, united the various Arab tribes into a closely-knit fighting force with the promise that they would be recognized as a nation at the cessation of hostilities. His country's failure to redeem their pledge of war's end caused this hero to return his hard-won decorations and

honours, and change his name to Shaw. At the time of his accidental death, this exceptional man was an Aircraftsman in the Royal Air Force. It came as a shock to the men with whom he served and the officers under whose command he was, to learn his true identity. The insinuation is that Egypt is wielding a knife, but let us stop to consider who sharpened the blade.

From 1922 to 1939, the Zionist movement encouraged people of the Jewish faith to emigrate to Palestine. During this period, the Arabs became concerned over the rapidly rising Jewish population and brought pressure to bear on the British to stop the influx of foreign immigrants by staging mass strikes and riots. A quota agreement was arrived at, but the Zionist movement did not honour the censorship of immigration to Palestine and continuously smuggled refugees into the country. In 1922, the Jewish population of Palestine was 84,000, and by 1937 had reached the staggering number of 400,000 people.

During the autumn of 1930, the publication of the 'Simpson Report' recommended that immigration to Palestine cease completely. It stated that there was not sufficient cultivatable land in the area, and as long as there was Arab unemployment, no immigration should be permitted. In 1936, a Legislative Chamber of twenty five seats was created. The Arabs held fourteen, the Jews seven and the British five. The Arabs accepted this even though it gave the Jews a greater voice than their percentage of population which was twenty five percent at that time. Actually, there was little they could do about it.

At this time also, Britain had promised a law that would protect the Arabs by requiring them to retain a vital minimum percentage of the land in dealing with sites for immigrants that were for purchase. Another law that was

to be invoked at this time was that the immigration of Jews to Palestine would only be in proportion to the absorptive ability of the country. But Zionist pressure proved to be more effective than British law, and the Arabs, realizing that Zionism was making successful efforts in world capitals that dealt with their future, held a general strike in 1936 that caused serious conflict.

Immediately following World War II, the Jewish population of Palestine stood at 600,000. Illegal Jewish immigration was stepped up and the Stern Gang and Irgun terrorist organization waged a guerilla warfare to oust the British who were ineffectively trying to protect the Arab's position. Wholesale murder became the order-of-the-day, and Britain, in a state of immobility and cherishing a desire to withdraw from the mess that was prevalent, finally declared that the Jews were a religious group, not a race, which gives them no right to own a country, then dropped the butchered situation in the lap of the United Nations.

Before any effective measures could be brought to bear by the United Nations, a new State of Israel was proclaimed by the Jews in Palestine, even though the Jewish population of that area was approximately one half of the Arab number. The following day, a state of war existed between the Arabs and Israelis. Prior to this war, more than 300,000 Arabs had been driven from their homes in the Palestine area by the Stern and Irgun terrorists. In 1948, the United Nations sent Count Folke Bernadotte, president of the Swedish Red Cross organization to the war-stricken area as a mediator to the enforced truce. A few months later, this noble humanitarian was brutally murdered by a Jewish terrorist group.

At the beginning of the Arab-Israeli war, the Arabs made considerable gains, but lack of unity and the inability to agree on an acceptable leader eventually reversed the tide. During the period that the Arabs squabbled, the Israelis received mountainous supplies of arms and economic aid from behind the Iron Curtain. This is a complete reversal of the present situation. Of course it is to the Communists' advantage to support the potential side.

Israel's economic status, in comparison with that of the Arab Bloc, is more stable. This has come about through that nation's support by Jewish communities and organizations

throughout other nations. The modernization of agricultural methods is another sore spot to the Arabs who must still rely on primitive methods. Lack of capital to experiment and exploit their agricultural industry requires that they resort to other methods to achieve progress in this field.

The continuous border clashes along the demarcation line are gaining world prominence through their viciousness and depravity. It is not only military outposts that are being attacked, but rather, innocent women and children have been butchered like pigs in an abattoir. These vendettas only serve to increase the difficulty of the relations that now exist, and hope for a peaceful solution would seem to be idiotic under the present conditions.

Commander E.H. Hutchinson of the United States Naval Reserve served on the mixed United Nations Truce Commission and stated that in the majority of cases he investigated, the Israelis were responsible for the grotesque depravity of incidents, and that these incidents were played down by the effective Zionist propaganda machine that exists. He went on to relate that the Arabs are a backward people and do not have the knowledge of effective propaganda. Every Israeli attack that he investigated was played down by the Zionists and every little incident perpetrated by the Arabs as a retaliation was magnified beyond realistic proportions. Commander Hutchinson spent three years with the United Nations Truce Supervision Organization, and is quite competent to report on prevailing conditions in the Middle East.

Frequently, we receive reports from Israel that they are contemplating a preventive war. And since the Suez dispute, there is no doubt that Tel Aviv is celebrating the expected downfall of the popular Egyptian hero, Nasser. If war proves to be inevitable between Egypt, France and Britain, then there is no doubt that Israel would attack to crush her historical enemy to the point where she could never rise again. But Nasser has proven himself to be nobody's fool. He has aligned himself with the Soviet Bloc to ensure his country's survival. It is the blunders of the western world powers that have driven him into the enemy's encampment which is like a spider's web — once entered, it is very difficult to leave.

He that labors in any great or laudable undertaking has his fatigues first supported by hope and afterwards rewarded by joy.

—Johnson.

IF I HAD A MILLION

By Bill Jones

AS these words are being written, the three Toronto newspapers are grinding out stories of women being molested and raped in various parts of that city. There seems to be a similar pattern followed in some of these incidents, and a still-unsolved attack and disappearance set this pattern two or three years ago: or so it would seem because in one of the latest episodes the unlucky victim's escort was beaten by one or more of her attackers before the vicious assault took place. To all intents and purposes the police of that city are momentarily baffled, and the only constructive move that has been made is to increase the patrol in certain section and institute a patrol where was heretofore none. This is very commendable but there seems to be one or two questions in order.

First, the scene of two of these episodes is a spot known as Cherry Beach. Why any couple with a romantic bent would seek this barren border of Toronto's tenderloin is a question we cannot answer, but obviously one clue to the answer lies in the description of its location: to wit, they will not be molested. Molested by whom? The police, of course. It would appear, however, that they are excluding the possibility of such a thought entering the minds of any but those in pursuit of innocent romance, and such is not the case. The skulking beasts of abnormal passions hide out too in such places, and so far as official patrolling is concerned, only recently has there been an effort made to do such. Be that as it may, it is not many months since the papers were full of a similar tragedy, and a forum was held in Toronto, attended by representatives of the clergy, judiciary and medical profession. The Parents Action League were loud in denunciation of apathy and lethargy on the part of the public in general and the good intentions — repeat good intentions — were many and sound. Is there any reason why, as a start, such a breeding ground of vice as this beach has proved to be could not have been removed from the face of the city?

Second, this type of crime is not new on the face of the earth and it was just as well understood and feared in our mothers' and grandmothers' days as it is today. Upheavals caused by two world wars, the vices of prohibition

and the questionable virtues of controlled liquor sale have all contributed to the desire to accelerate the pace of living, but by the same token, the growing generations of each era have been put more closely in touch with the evils spawned and spewed up by these dismal failures by the good that has emerged simultaneously: we refer, of course, to radio and television. Can there be any parent who sits transfixed before a television screen or listens to a radio program today who is not aware of the peril that may confront a child at any time and in any place? Official action aside, are parents so naive that they fancy because they were spared some nightmarish experience their offspring will be just as lucky?

Third, millions and millions are spent each year on national defence, millions have been bequeathed by philanthropists to cultural and welfare agencies, and millions and countless millions of dollars are flowing from have-not countries year after countless year. The purpose of these golden streams is to keep a way of life as we know it, to enhance this way of life, and to extend some of its benefits to those who are in less fortunate positions. While much of the first effort grows obsolete, while much of the second is dissipated, and much of the last is wasted, this very real, very present and very vicious vice grows and flourishes right under the noses of those who dream of a happy world state and cannot see that their best efforts should start on their own doorsteps. Would the great collectors of art care to hang a picture in the National Gallery of a prostrate child, ravished, revolted and reproaching?

There has been much said and little done to point the way. Are our dollars not saving children from starvation in many lands beyond our shores? Are our missionaries not saving souls in some far-off places? Are we not singularly blessed with an abundance of everything? We are truly wealthy in every way imaginable and smugly Christian, too, but in one respect we are pauper poor. Where in this land is one man who will allocate money to find a solution to this grisly sex problem?

Within the past twelve months two fabulously wealthy citizens have shed their mortal

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Aunt Ida wiped a tear of happiness from her cheek and said: "Yes, Jack, life can't be all wrong turns, and if you stay on the road, no matter how long it may be, you'll always find a turn to the right."

Jack pondered this deeply and many, many things passed through his mind. The schemes that had been his daytime comrades, the very dreams that had banished sleep by their violence, had been based on one desire, vengeance! Now, the man he had incessantly, in-

creasingly hated for eight long years had been removed by a higher tribunal, the woman he had unceasingly, unbatedly loved, had gone to a higher reward: he was lost. This reverie lasted some minutes until a small voice broke the stillness.

"Come on, mister, I've waited for you a long time — and I'm hungry." Little Gloria skipped merrily through the doorway into the kitchen, followed by three now very happy people.

"A little child shall lead them."



IF I HAD A MILLION

coils and the first left an estate of some seventy-five million dollars and the latter more than double that amount. Beyond any reasonable doubt the bulk of both estates was amassed by investment in this country. What disposition is made of this vast, hoarded wealth probably no one will ever know, but we are reasonably certain that not one penny will be channelled to a committee set up to investigate ways and means to abolish this psychopathic menace. Permit us to state that we are not accusing the deceased of anything other than lack of thought, and for this, each and every one of us little men is partly to blame. It is true that we alternately blow hot and cold to various fickle whims or fancies that provoke our imagination or indignation, but when glaring headlines become more frequently recurrent, how can we let this menace grow and grow and still do nothing?

It is axiomatic that the only people who can correct situations or predicaments are those who by birth or wealth are far removed from the common herd and its afflictions, but when one thinks of such men and women as Albert Schweitzer, Jonas Salk, Helen Keller, Sister Kenny and a host of others too numerous to mention, surely the age of crusaders is not dead, and all that is needed is money to crown their sacrifices with enduring success. Within

the life span of most of us, science, medicine, the arts and letters, finance, communications and all the rest have advanced beyond the wildest dreams of only fifty years ago, but one poor relation remains. We refer, of course, to sexual pathology.

Whether through charity or knowledge, all those exhibiting or possessed of sexual aberrations are termed mentally ill. Be that as it may, the fact remains that those suffering from this illness are increasing in number daily and their depredations invariably involve the weak, young, innocent and helpless.

There is no known cure and imprisonment is not the answer. There are certainly those qualified and willing to devote their entire lives to a study of the cause and cure of this strange affliction, but it seems that the subject is not overly popular with those control the purse strings.

Our suggestion is that some man, somewhere, from the bulk of his estate, endow a chair at a hospital or institution for the sole purpose of research into this most mysterious malady and its cure. There can be no more worthy cause and certainly the need is pressing. There can be no greater return on the investment than saving the innocent and curing the sick.

If I had a million!!!!

A wife is a woman who sticks by her husband through all the trouble he would not have had if he had not married her.

A WORD TO THE WISE

A Civilization is judged by it's prisons.

Collin's Bay Penitentiary Administration

COLONEL VICTOR S.J. RICHMOND.....	Warden and Senior Officer
DAVID M. McLEAN.....	Deputy Warden
HERBERT FIELD.....	Chief Keeper
FRED SMITH.....	Principal Keeper
WILLIAM DOWNTON.....	Chief Vocational Officer
EDWARD OGILVIE.....	Chief Trade Instructor
HAYDN MINTON.....	Chief Accountant
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FREDERICK HARRIS.....	Warden's Secretary
CHRISTOPHER MacLEOD.....	Chief Steward
HOWARD PUTNAM	Storekeeper
CLARENCE HOGEBOOM.....	Supervisor, School and Library Dept.
FELIX McALLISTER.....	Schoolteacher
HARRY MALBUT	Deputy Warden's Secretary
JAMES DONALDSON.....	Censor
JAMES EDMUNDS	Physical Training Instructor
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NOTABLE NOTATION

Every man is the maker of his own fortune. Anon.

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**SUPPORT THE
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FOR THE
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INDIAN SUMMER

Along the line of smoky hills
The crimson forest stands,
And all the day the blue-jay calls
Throughout the autumn lands.

Now by the brook the maple leans
With all this glory spread,
And all the sumachs on the hills
Have turned their green to red.

Now by great marshes wrapt in mist,
Or past some river's mouth,
Throughout the long, still autumn day
Wild birds are flying south.

WILFRED CAMPBELL

NOTICE

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